

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 13, 1965 35 CENTS

TOP PRO RECEIVER

SAN DIEGO'S LANCE ALWORTH



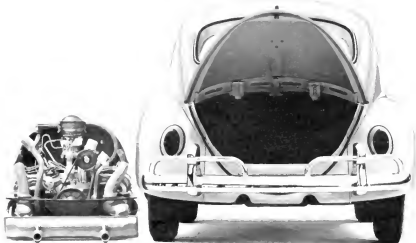


January, February, March,
April, May, June, July,
August, September,
October, November...



December

THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON



Which came first?

The Volkswagen engine. (And then the car was designed to go with it.) Our engineers claim that the reason for the car is to carry the engine around.

While that's a slight exaggeration, we did know all about the engine before we knew anything about the car.

We knew it would go in the back because you get better traction that way.

Our engineers made the engine's oil system to keep itself cool, even in the heat or when it freezes.

We knew it would use pretty little gas and need precious few repairs.

As you know, we're still at it. We try to make the whole VW better every year.

But the engine is still our pride and joy.

We machine parts to ridiculous tolerances. We assemble every engine by hand.

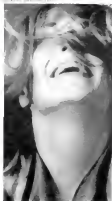
And we say there's no faster than 55 mph in built-in fuel economy.

After 25 years, there's an extra 100 horsepower, 25% more power. But the size is the same. And so is the economy.

All too often, car engines are stuffed in wherever there's room up front.

But we put first things first.





Promise her anything but give her Arpege



- 1. Arpege Eau de Parfum, 100 ml / 3.4 fl. oz. \$4.00
- 2. Arpege Eau de Parfum, 50 ml / 1.7 fl. oz. \$1.10
- 3. Arpege Eau de Parfum, 100 ml / 3.4 fl. oz. \$6.00
- 4. Arpege Eau de Parfum, 100 ml / 3.4 fl. oz. \$4.00
- 5. Arpege Eau de Parfum, 100 ml / 3.4 fl. oz. \$7.50
- 6. Arpege Eau de Parfum, 100 ml / 3.4 fl. oz. \$10.00
- 7. Arpege Eau de Parfum, 100 ml / 3.4 fl. oz. \$10.00
- 8. Arpege Eau de Parfum, 100 ml / 3.4 fl. oz. \$10.00

LANVIN

Contents

DECEMBER 13, 1965 Volume 23, No. 24

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

18 But Why Me, Coach?

Pro football is not all glamour and affluence—consider the case of Mike Bombr, ex-lineman

22 Local Boys Make Very Good

St. Louis University captured its fifth NCAA soccer title, as usual with home-trained talent

26 Cooty Brown Plays Turnabout

After 11 years of passing the ball to the big fellows, Son Francisco's little Gus Rodgers is doing the scoring

32 They All Go Bang! at Bambi

But rival defensive backs have not prevented Lance Alworth from becoming pro football's best receiver

40 A Haven for Glitterbugs

The Palm Bay Club provides a sanctuary for sportsmen who find Palm Beach too dull and Miami Beach too vulgar

66 Sailing Downwind in a Yacht Club

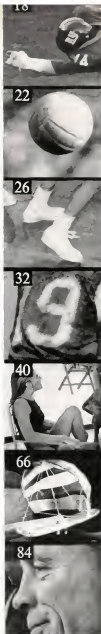
If you can't go south for the winter and don't like to get frostbitten, a cellophane yacht is the answer

84 The Pleasure of Dying on Sunday

Milwaukee Carroll Rosenbloom, owner of the Baltimore Colts, would rather lose a corporation than a ball game

The departments

- | | |
|--------------|----------------------|
| 15 Scorecard | 68 Hockey |
| 53 Golf | 79 Dogs |
| 56 Bridge | 97 Basketball's Week |
| 59 People | 98 For the Record |
| 60 Skiing | 99 19th Hole |
| 66 Boating | |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly, except one issue in year end, by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 10, 10011; principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James A. Lown, President; D. W. Breckinridge, Treasurer; Bernard Barnes, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized to second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash, U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$7.50 a year.

Credits on page 68

Next week

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

Is the person whose achievements are the epitome of excellence. At the close of a year of remarkable accomplishment, we salute the very best.

THE SHOWDOWN looms as the NFL's Colts and Packers collide in Baltimore. Tex Maule appraises the causes of victory and defeat, and the color camera focuses on key plays.

JOHN STEINBECK, one of the most distinguished authors of our time, discloses a secret interest in sport when he says he cannot write an essay on the subject—and then does so.

Editor-in-Chief: Hedy Doreen
 Chairman of the Board: Andrew Huxford
 President: James A. Linn
 Senior Staff Editor: Thomas Griffith

Editorial Chairman: Henry R. Lunt
 Chairman, Executive Committee: Roy E. Lorton
 Managing Editor: Andre Lagasse
 Executive Editor: Richard W. Johnson
 Assistant Managing Editor: John Tibby, Roy Terrell
 Art Director: Richard Gargel

Senior Editors: Walter Bonfigliani, Robert B. Boyle,
 Arthur L. Bradley, Robert Campbell, Ray Carr,
 Robert Cramer, Andrew Criswell, Roger S. Hertz,
 Gerald Holland, Martin Kase, Walter Isaacson,
 Mark Kase, Jack Olson, Cole Phillips, Kenneth Rudin,
 Fred R. Smith, Jeremiah Tait, Whitney Tower,
 Alfred Wright

Associate Editors: Geoffrey S. Brown, Joseph Carroll,
 Thomas Harte, Dan Jenkins, William Leggett, Bob Olin,
 Gilbert Rapp, Edwin Sbragia, Lee E. Thompson,
 John Underwood, M. R. Warner, Lou Woodcock
 Staff Writers: Tom C. Brody, Frank Deford, Allen
 Higgins, Mervyn Mayman, Jon Jacob, Virginia Kraft,
 Mark Kram, Barbara La Fontaine, John Lonsky,
 Jack Moran, Harold Newman, Joe Smith, Hugh D.
 White

Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg

Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg

Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg

Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg

Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg

Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg

Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg

Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg

Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg

Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg

Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg

Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg

Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg

Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg

Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg

Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg

Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg
 Photo Editor: Richard Smith, John M. Steinberg

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Gary Hall

Charles Goren, whose bridge column in this magazine is understandably famous, phoned us from San Francisco last week, as excited as a child on Christmas morning. He had just won the Men's Team Championship in the Fall Nationals, and he was getting as much of a kick out of it as he had from his first national championship victory in 1933.

"I was playing as well as I ever have," Charlie said. "Few people realize that in bridge, just as in baseball or golf, you can have hot streaks and you can have slumps." Goren was on top of his game, and so were his teammates, John Gerber, John Simon, Robert Nail and Paul Hodge.

What really delighted Goren was the span of years—32—between his first and most recent national championships. "I was talking to Sam Sneed the other day," Goren said, "and he was commenting how pleased he was to win a tournament 27 years after he had won it the first time. It's good to keep the kids in place once in a while."

As in most sports, there have been enormous changes in bridge during the past 30 years, not only in the style of play—Goren himself has seen to that—but in the number of people playing. This is especially evident in tournaments. "I can remember watching the old Frankford Yellow Jackets play football before crowds of 600 or so," Goren said. "Now the New York Jets and Giants draw 120,000 on one Sunday. Bridge tournaments are the same way. We used to rent out Convention Hall in Asbury Park. The hall was so large and the number of tables so small that you could hear an echo when a card was played. But the last time we

played there we barely had enough room for all the tables. Why, there are more players entered in one event today than there used to be in an entire tournament."

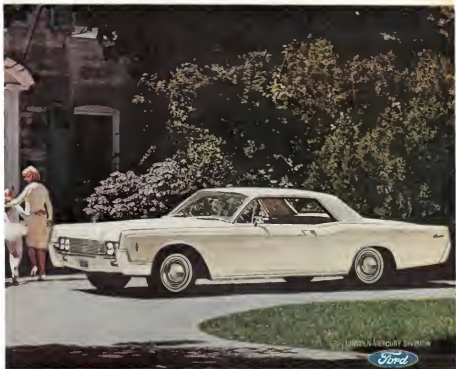
The level of competition has risen, too. "In the old days when you faced a newcomer you could figure the match was in the bag," Goren said. "Today you'll sit down against someone you don't know, and he'll tweak your nose. The youngsters get better every year. There were a lot of kids playing in San Francisco who weren't even born when I won my first championship."

Goren's crowded schedule does not permit him much time to engage in tournament play. He is always on the go. This week his Orient Cruise departs for Honolulu, Yokohama and Hong Kong, a boatload of happy bridge players who will celebrate Christmas and New Year's at sea listening to lectures from the master. Goren himself will leave the ship in the Far East, jet back to San Francisco and on to Miami just in time to make his Caribbean Cruise. "It's always nip and tuck," Goren said. "One time they were literally hauling up the gangplank when my taxi roared up to the dock."

When he is not at sea, Goren keeps busy giving lectures around the country, turning out books and, of course, writing his column. In next week's issue appears his annual year-end quiz, on which the reader can test his skills. As always, there will be some who dispute Goren's recommended bids and will write in to tell us so. We welcome this, of course, but wish to remind you that when you argue with Goren you are arguing with the master, as he proved once again in San Francisco.



Lincoln Continental
reflects your way of life.



Shown above: the Continental coupé, broadening your invitation to ownership. Also available, the sedan and America's only four-door convertible. For 1966, a new 462 cu. in. engine and a completely new transmission. New luxury options include automatic temperature control system, stereo tape/AM radio, and many others.

Lincoln Continental distinguishes you among fine car owners. It is the luxury motorcar that stands apart from all other cars. As an expression of individuality, good taste, accomplishment. As the reflection of a way of life. Come take a closer look: drive it, experience it, and discover for yourself how close you may be to owning a Continental.

 LINCOLN *Continental*

America's most distinguished motorcar.



what brand of beer does the bartender take home?

If anybody knows a good beer, it should be a bartender. Right? And if most bartenders prefer a particular brand, it must be a pretty good beer.

Well, just for fun, we asked a private research company to interview 2,696 bartenders throughout the country. They were kind of cagey about it, too, because the question on which beer was the bartender's personal choice was hidden among a lot of other questions about turnips and baseball and TV shows.

The results? Two to one for Budweiser over the next closest beer.

The point is, if twice as many bartenders choose Budweiser as *their* beer, there must be a reason. We strongly suspect that it's *taste*. We *do* know that Budweiser has a taste, smoothness and drinkability you'll find in no other beer. That's why we stick to our exclusive Beechwood Ageing even though it takes more time and money and is a little more trouble.

But we'd like for you to find out for *yourself* about the great taste of the King of Beers. After all, Bud® is the best-selling beer in America . . . and we're positive that bartenders aren't buying it *all*!

it's worth it . . . it's Budweiser®.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES • TAMPA • and soon HOUSTON

48 HOURS LATER IT WAS HANDLING TELEPHONE CALLS.

The tornadoes that swept across five Midwestern states on a Sunday afternoon last April left a trail of chaos. Among the wreckage was Bell telephone equipment that served thousands of people. The community dial office in Russiaville, Indiana, for example, was almost totally destroyed.

Almost before the winds had died down, Bell System teams were at work restoring communications to the hard-hit regions. Western Electric installers worked around the clock with Bell telephone company emergency crews. Equipment was flown in from as far away as the West Coast. Temporary phone service in Russiaville and throughout the devastated areas was restored within hours.

Permanent reconstruction was under way within a few days.

Such teamwork comes naturally to Western Electric people. It's our normal way of operating as the manufacturing unit of the Bell System. Has been, since 1882. It is just such teamwork that has built the unified nationwide Bell System communications network.

Western Electric works closely with the people at Bell Telephone Laboratories, designers of much of the equipment we make. And we work as closely with the Bell telephone companies, furnishing and installing central office equipment. This is one of the reasons the Bell System is able to bring you the finest telephone service on earth.



Western Electric

A DIVISION OF WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY, INC.



For people who can't wait until New Year's Eve...



**"Know Your Onions"
Day**

Good day to throw
abandon to the wind
—also onion into empty
glass. (Add gin and
Cinzano dry Vermouth.)



**"Treat a Manhattan
Sweet" Day**

Order Manhattan
with Cinzano sweet
Vermouth. Buy drink
for everyone who
pronounces Cinzano
correctly (Chin-Zano!).



**"Be Nice to
Ice" Day**

Great warm weather
celebration. Pour
Cinzano sweet
Vermouth over ice.
Slip. Sip. Hooray!



**Teach a yellow Lemon
Courage" Day**

For those who missed
"Know Your Onions"
Day. (Same fun—only
with lemon peel.)



**"Take an Olive
to Lunch" Day**

Or brunch. Or dinner.
Who cares? (As long
as it goes with
imported Cinzano
Vermouth.)



**NATIONAL
"GIN-ZANO" DAY**

You're in luck.
Today is National
"Gin-Zero" Day!
(Cinzano makes
any celebration
complete.)



© 1992 Cinzano S.p.A. All rights reserved. Cinzano is a registered trademark.

When you mix with Cinzano you mix with the best



An Experience No Man Should Miss

Old Spice Lime

Fresh... frosted... spiced with a twist of lime! That's Old Spice Lime... the stirring new cologne with the romantic aroma of the trade winds. A Christmas gift with an interesting potential, 2.00. Also: After Shave Lotion 1.50; Gift Set 3.50. By Shulton, the makers of original Old Spice.



BOOKTALK

'Cruising Under Sail' by Eric C. Hiscock stands up as definitive in a new edition

Drop the book in Port Castles or Cristobal or off the barrel "post office" in the Galapagos Islands, and chances are that before you have everything secured you will hear the rattle of anchor chain from a British yacht named *Howler*. Sailing her will be Eric C. Hiscock, and you will hear that chain rattle because, expert ocean sailor that he is, Hiscock does not believe in newfangled synthetic fibers for anchor rode. Since Hiscock has made it around the world more than once in smallish craft, with only his wife Susan for crew, even his most conservative prejudices are entitled to respect.

In 1950 Hiscock published *Cruising Under Sail*, and a fine book it was—an essential primer for anyone who aspires to cruise blue waters in anything bigger than *Tinkerbelle* but smaller than *America*. Now in the light of his broadened experience Hiscock has revised and enlarged the book in a second edition (Oxford, \$12.75). As Hiscock says, though basic seamanship has changed not at all since first publication of the book, experience has modified some of his convictions—as have new materials and devices.

Hiscock now fully accepts Dacron (Terylene to the English) as the best material for sails, and even tolerates stainless steel for any standing rigging on which a sail is to be hanked, because of the unavoidable chafe. For unchafed rigging, Hiscock still prefers galvanized steel. And because he lives where handcrafted planking is expertly and cheaply done, he prefers wood to Fiberglas or metal for yacht hulls.

Into 457 pages plus an excellent index, Hiscock packs both basic data for the aspiring cruiser and sophisticated opinions for the expert. He includes the best yachting glossary I have yet seen in such modest scope ("aback" to "yaw" in 21 pages), gives lots of essential stores and adds for luncheon an appendix on provisioning by First Mate and Chief Cook Susan Hiscock. (She even knows how to keep fresh eggs fresh in the tropics without refrigeration: coat them lightly in vaseline.)

A few stubborn Briticisms may puzzle the American reader such as rigging screws for turnbuckles and, of course, Perspex for Plexiglas—but he had better learn them anyway if he is setting sail for any port between Land's End and Sydney Heads. Hiscock never forgets that most men who want to cruise limitless oceans have only limited funds. The book can save such a man a hundred times its cost, through the sensible but safe economies it recommends. It may even save his life.

—GEORGE CRONIER

A great new camera takes the mumbo-jumbo out of fine photography!

(New Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic camera measures light precisely for perfectly exposed pictures.)

Everybody's got at least one friend who is something of a hot-shot with a camera.

Chances are he dares you with a whole roomful of equipment. And he probably goes through some sort of black-magic mental contortions and dial twisting every time he takes a shot. But you've got to admit that his perfectly exposed pictures make yours look pretty drab.

Well, fret no longer, friend. You're just one easy step from joining the photographic elite.

A magnificent new camera is the answer. It's a camera that is simplicity itself to operate. Yet it will never fail to delight you with what it (and you) can do... because it has a wealth of professional know-how built right in. It's called the Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic.

Pentax cameras, with their superb optics and brilliant engineering, have long been a favorite of photo hobbyists everywhere. But now the Spotmatic opens up the world of fine photography to every camera fan who can press a shutter.

The secret is a revolutionary through-the-lens exposure meter system that is both automatic and unerringly precise. It assures you that you'll never again face the disappointment of ruining or missing one of those exceptional pictures or slides

through over- or underexposure.

It guides you infallibly, within the limits of film and available light, from the simplest situations to the most difficult and challenging conditions: severe backlighting, extreme telephoto, high contrast, low light levels, wide filters, ultra-closups. And it does it all automatically.

You also save time and film because you can forget about taking extra shots "just to make sure." You are sure on every picture. You are sure of a quality of results simply unattainable by 98% of the cameras in use today, "automatic" or not!

Here's how it works. The Spotmatic's unique cadmium sulfide meter measures the light coming through the taking aperture of the lens. It reads the light from the *in-focus* image on the ground glass, which corresponds *exactly* to the image at the film plane. (There are cameras, selling for up to \$500, which read the image formed by the lens at full aperture. But these cameras merely estimate the light for the actual f/stop you'll be using and are only approximate when compared to the precision of the Spotmatic.)

Fast, foolproof operation. When you load your Spotmatic, you set the film's ASA number (from ASA 20 to 1600) in the

window of the shutter speed dial, automatically calibrating the exposure system. Then you set your shutter speed, focus and flip the meter switch to the "on" position. By turning the diaphragm ring, the meter needle you'll see in the view-finder is centered and you're set to shoot. Without removing your eye from the view-finder (and without engaging its digital corrections), you have made a perfectly exposed picture. It's that simple!

Today, the Spotmatic towers over every other 35mm single-lens reflex camera. It costs \$289.50 and is, without a doubt, one of the four or five finest cameras in the world.

Who says so? The pros and the dyed-in-the-wool amateurs who started snapping up Spotmatics faster than we could deliver them.

But we were happy to adjust the supply rate. And now your nearest Honeywell Pentax dealer will be glad to explain why he's so excited about this remarkable new camera. Or, for more of the details first, just send us the coupon below.



New Spotmatic has through-the-lens exposure system, superior 50mm f/1.7 lens, \$289.50.

HONEYWELL PHOTOGRAPHIC
Mail Station 209
Denver, Colorado 80217 17-0014
Please send literature on the new
Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic to

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Honeywell
PHOTOGRAPHIC

**Mr. Bruning gets half his sales
by replacing his main competitor's
dry copier.**

No wonder.

**Mr. Bruning's 2000 electrostatic
copier makes sharper copies in more
sizes twice as fast, often at half
the cost.**

**That's too good to keep under his hat.
But great for you to keep in mind.**



The Bruning man will demonstrate the 2000 whenever you say "Look under Bruning or Addressograph Multigraph in the Yellow Pages of 130 major cities. Or write Department A, Mt. Prospect, Ill."



BRUNING

Bruning is a division of Addressograph Multigraph Corp.

Bruning 4 x 11 Reg. Trademark of A. M. Co.

CHRYSLER DIVISION

CHRYSLER
NEWPORT CORPORATION

**How to get the most out of your present car:
Turn it into a Chrysler.**



Even a fairy godmother couldn't offer you a better deal than your neighborhood Chrysler dealer can.

He can put you in the only big car in its field that remains uncompromised by a junior edition with the same name.

What you get is a full-size luxury car with the extra room, ride and class you'd like to move up to.

And you can get it without denting your budget out of shape.

There are five Chrysler Newport mod-

els priced just a few dollars a month more than the most popular smaller cars, comparably equipped.

What's more, that small difference in price includes power steering, power brakes, automatic transmission, a 383 cubic inch V-8, radio, heater, front and rear seat belts, and padded instrument panel. Go see your Chrysler dealer.

Move up to Chrysler... it's easy.

CHRYSLER

Illustrated above: the 300 2 Door Hardtop. Tune in Bob Hope and The Chrysler Theatre, 9:30 P.M. Eastern.

Bright gift idea

Give KENT



© 1988 P. L. & S. Inc.

...they brighten up your taste

SCORECARD

NONRECIPROCATING PISTON

Detroit Piston Owner Fred Zollner has tried once again to nail down territorial rights to Michigan basketball All-American Carmel Russell and once again has failed. Zollner was refused permission by his fellow owners—and for more than the usual reason that their enthusiasm for the territorial draft is inversely proportional to the talent available in someone else's territory. The other owners would like to help Zollner strengthen his weak franchise. But they find it hard to forget that a few years ago Fred was active in eliminating the territorial draft.

REVERSE IMAGE

Another traditional color barrier in the South was shattered last week, if only for a brief moment or two, when Morgan State met Florida A&M in the Orange Blossom game in Miami, played annually between the best Negro college football teams in the land. Morgan State managed to slip a freshman tackle named John Bowers into action for a couple of minutes to spell Tom Carr, a senior who has been drafted by the Baltimore Colts. Bowers was the only white player on either team, and when he entered the game he became the first white player ever to appear in the Orange Blossom Classic.

TERRIBLE TEMPER

John Galbreath's agreement with Italian Marchese Mario Incisa to lease Ribot, the remarkably successful European stallion whose get finished second and third in the Kentucky Derby last spring and one-two in the Preakness, for another three to five years of service in the U.S. is causing angry repercussions in Italy. Desmond McGowan, Rome correspondent of *The Morning Telegraph*, wrote last week, "The loss of Ribot has done incalculable harm to breeding in Italy. . . . European breeders have been led up the garden path and they can derive little satisfaction in the fact that all expenses will be paid if they still wish their mares to visit Ribot in Kentucky. . . . Galbreath only made the

offer as a sop to Incisa's conscience."

McGowan added that "All this talk about Ribot having turned vicious is a lot of nonsense." But Galbreath's reason for keeping Ribot in the U.S. is precisely that—he says the horse is too dangerous to ship. Olaf Gentry, Galbreath's farm manager, agrees completely, and all observers here admit that Ribot has always been an unruly stallion, although he was perfectly well behaved on the racetrack. Ribot has been known to have some pretty hairy hysterics in something so familiar as a stable stall.

"A man would be a fool to get in a plane with Ribot," Gentry said last August. "You'd have to kill the horse if anything went wrong."

INELIGIBLE RECEIVER

Since pro football teams have been scouting large, sturdy basketball players and trackmen for some time now, the Baltimore Colts' 17th-round draft choice was more intriguing than incredible. Although world-record-holding shotputter Randy Matson has not played football since his last year in high school, he is 6 feet 6½ inches, 244 pounds and stronger than the average bear. But while Baltimore's far-flung, finely tuned intelligence system was correctly informing the Colts' front office that Randy might be a fine prospect, it forgot to report something else: Matson, a junior who has never been red-shirted, is not yet eligible for the pro draft. It's like the old baseball gag: he can't hit but he's not a good fielder. Matson doesn't play football, but Baltimore went ahead and didn't draft him anyway.

IT HURTS RIGHT HERE, DOC

The chief medical officer for the Nevada State Athletic Commission, embarrassed by scattered complaints that the Clay-Patterson fight should have been postponed because of Floyd's back ailment, has recommended that the Nevada commission make revelation of any ailment or injury mandatory. Commission doctors would then determine whether the boxer was fit to fight.

Medical Officer Donald Romeo's suggestion sounds sensible enough in theory, but there would be difficulties in practice. In the specific instance of the Clay-Patterson match, Patterson suffered no worse symptoms prior to the fight than he had before many previous bouts from which he had emerged not only unimpaired but victorious (SI, Dec. 6). Moreover, back ailments are notoriously hard to diagnose except by the most elaborate examinations. Would a fighter admit the existence of a handicapping, but not disabling, injury that had escaped the examiner's attention? Not likely. What if commission doctors pronounced him still able to fight? He would then have exposed his weakness to his opponent. It would be necessary, at the very least, to keep such examinations entirely secret.

GRANDMA, WHAT BIG TESTS!

There isn't anything more dangerous than a little old lady. Mrs. Soree Barney, a grandmother, isn't very old (52), but she is little (5 feet 4) and she certainly is dangerous. Mrs. Barney and her husband had parked their camper-pickup unit near Tucuman, N. Mex. when a gunman tried to hold them up. Mrs. Barney pushed him away, and the bandit made the mistake of forcing her head down. Mr. Barney, who is not in the



best of health, pushed his finger between the gun's hammer and hung pin and then Grandma moved in.

"I had had some judo lessons because I wanted my daughter to learn it," she said, "so I gouged his eyes with my right hand and used my left hand to stick fingers in under his collarbone. That made him relax his hold on the gun, and my husband got it away. Then I twisted his left arm behind his back." Twisted it and held the gunman there

continued

for an hour and a half until police finally came and took over.

As the sheriff led him away the prisoner muttered, "They ought to match her with Cassius Clay."

ON-THE-JOB OLD-AGE PENSION

Sam Sneed is 53, and it is almost 30 years since he first broke through to fame and fortune in golf. Some feel that Sam is pressing things a bit in continue playing tournament golf at his age, and that it would be a shame to see him lumping along in the ruck behind the strong young pros. Do not worry about Sam. It may be due to inflation, but it so happens that this year was Sneed's biggest money-winning year ever on the pro circuit. He took in \$36,889. His previous high came 15 years ago, in 1950, when he won \$35,758.

NOT BY SHUFFLEBOARD ALONE

If you are looking for a place to put a hockey franchise, St. Petersburg, Fla., doesn't exactly leap to mind. But last week, when the Jacksonville Rockets of the Eastern Hockey League played two games in St. Petersburg's new \$3-million buy-front auditorium, more than 5,000 customers showed up for each game. The Rockets had been averaging only 1,600 at home.

How come? Well, it turns out that St. Petersburg, a haven for sports-minded oldsters, has an extremely high percentage of expatriate New Englanders and retired Canadians. And what sport do they play in the winter in New England and Canada?

The IHL has four more games scheduled in St. Pete and if that attendance is for real, the Long Island Ducks, one of the weaker franchises in the circuit, may again begin to feel migratory urges. Whether the Ducks fly south or not, the Sunshine City is a good bet to be in the ice league next season.

POLITICAL FÚTBOL

One of the big events in the world of soccer will take place next July when 16 national teams from various parts of the world meet in England to compete for the Jules Rimet Cup, symbol of professional soccer supremacy. Ah, what a treat for the soccer enthusiasts! Brazil, Argentina, Hungary, Spain, Portugal, France, England—the absolute cream of soccer. Well, almost. There's one odd-looking fly floating in the cream. How

in the name of Pelé did North Korea, whose national team plays soccer about as well as P.S. 172, ever become one of the final 16?

Very simple, really. It's Agatha Christie's 10-little-Indian story all over again. Originally, 19 nations were slated for action in the Africa-Asia playoff zone. But 15 African countries, evidently confusing the soccer world with the U.N., withdrew before a single ball was booted, going off in a huff because, at best, only one country from Africa could be represented in the finals.

That left four nations in the playoff, South Africa, South Korea, North Korea and Australia. The international soccer ruling body expelled South Africa because of that country's racist policies. That left three. South Korea withdrew when it learned that her 11 players—amateur all the way—would not be allowed to compete in the Olympic Games if they played now in a professional tournament. That left two. Australia doesn't recognize North Korea (and vice versa), but arrangements were made to meet in neutral Cambodia. Since Australia can't play soccer even as well as P.S. 172, North Korea whupped 'em, easy. That left one. And that is why, soccer fans, after a long, grueling elimination tournament of two games, North Korea is in the cup finals.

LET GEORGES DO IT

"The most-wanted Christmas gifts come from Georges Kaplan," said the headline in a full-page ad in *The New York Times* last week. Among the gifts Georges figures the outdoorsy types most want are the furhammock—\$5,500 for chinchilla, \$3,500 for mink, \$2,000 for blue fox—and the fur sleeping bag, at \$4,000, \$2,000 and \$1,000 for the same furs. If a chinchilla hammock or a mink sleeping bag doesn't grab you, Georges is prepared to sell you yard goods—in chinchilla, mink or blue fox—and you can get the wife to whip up whatever it is you do want most.

HOME-FLOOR ADVANTAGE

Traditionalists who haven't quite accepted the orange basketball may be even more displeased to hear that it is being bounced on a plastic court this year. North Central College of Naperville, Ill. has installed in its Merner Fieldhouse a new plastic surface previously used only on running tracks. "I saw how the material worked on tracks and was convinced it was just the thing for a field house," said North Central Athletic Di-

rector Ralph McAlister just before the Cardinals tried out their synthetic surface on Augustana of Illinois. McAlister added that the plastic prevents slipping (even if the floor is wet), shin splints and dead spots. Better yet, exultant spectators once again can rush out onto the court after a victory: the floor is impervious even to spike heels.

STOCKING STUFFER

Wilt Chamberlain, who rarely leaves on a road trip without at least 10 \$1,000 bills clamped in a coat pocket, can scarcely be blamed for misplacing less valuable articles. Like a smelly old size 15 sweat sock—even if it did contain a \$9,000 diamond ring, among other things. Wilt left that lying around the locker room at San Francisco's Civic Auditorium. As he was leaving the auditorium, two kids overhauled him, one waving the footgear. "Hey, mister, you forgot something," he yelled. Chamberlain gave them each \$5. He also gave them the sock.

TAKE THAT, WOLLEY BEGAM!

Noted Heart Specialist Paul Dudley White came out against the extension telephone last week. It is not wise to deprive housewives of much-needed exercise, he said.

Dr. White hasn't heard from any housewives yet, but the telephone company went on record as being distinctly unamused. New England Telephone had best keep the volume level down, though—or the Boston surgeon might speak out against the Yellow Pages, too. "Let your fingers do the walking," indeed!

THEY SAID IT

- Joe Robbie, Miami Dolphin co-owner, after his first American Football League college draft: "It's like sweating out a baby in the waiting room, except in that case you're pretty sure the baby will be delivered eventually."
- Press Maravich, North Carolina State basketball coach, on 6-foot-10 Center John Naponek: "I don't know anybody who can go around him, over him or under him. He wears a size 18 shoe. If he turns his feet sideways you'll see how much territory he can cover."
- Bobby Bragan, manager of the much-traveled Atlanta Braves, on his business sideline as a mobile-homes representative: "Can you think of a more natural business for anyone in baseball? I mean managers, coaches, ballplayers—even whole ball clubs."

END

Congratulations, Willie!



Most Valuable Player 1965—National League

Leading Major League Home Run Hitter (52). Major League Leader in Slugging Percentage (.645). Team Captain, San Francisco Giants. Star of Television Commercials for Coca-Cola. Say Hey! *That's* the way to make Things Go Better.

things go
better
with
Coke



BUT WHY ME, COACH?

by GEORGE PLIMPTON

The pro football image last week was one of glamour and affluence, but even as highly publicized collegiate stars bargained for huge contracts some anonymous pros groped for bare security. One such was Mike Bundra, ex-lineman

Mike Bundra is, or was, a defensive tackle with the New York Giants—a heavy-jowled, slope-shouldered, soft-spoken 250-pounder in his fourth year of play in the National Football League. He is originally from the football-player spawning grounds of Pennsylvania—a little town called Catasauqua, not far from Allentown. His people are Slovak, and the rough texture of their tongue often crops up in his own speech. He refers to his position as "defense tackle." He has played "defense tackle" with four NFL teams—coming up as a sixth-draft choice for Detroit in 1962, then in 1964 with Minnesota and also Cleveland, where he finished the year and earned the right to wear the heavy-out championship ring.

Playing second-string tackle, Bundra had performed very rarely—not much more than 10 minutes of game time in those three years. Defensive tackles are durable and, once established as starters, they are difficult to supplant. Bundra always remained a backup man. But the Giants have had a considerable problem at the tackle position this year, and when they traded with the Browns in September for Bundra he got his chance. He opened at tackle. Lack of experience marred his play, but he had his good days; in the first Cleveland game of the season the sportswriters awarded him a Bulova watch as the outstanding Giant defensive player against his old teammates. He began to make plans. He and his wife, Evelyn, an attractive girl with thin features and heavily penciled eye-

brows, moved out of the Concourse Plaza Hotel near the Stadium into a furnished apartment. With them went their nervous, popeyed chihuahua, Ginger, which Bundra kept to pools of shadow while walking it at night lest some of the other Giant players living in the vicinity catch him with a dog that he could set, trembling on its thin legs, in the palm of his hand.

In the second Cleveland game last month Bundra had troubles, particularly in the second half, when the Cleveland center—working cleverly and gauging Bundra's responses perfectly—kept him out of a succession of power plays up the middle. Bundra was repleted, and when he reached the sidelines he exploded into 10 or 15 seconds of self-recrimination, during which he threw his helmet, kicked it and swore his anger out before finally slumping down on the bench.

That night he comforted himself on his poor play as he walked the chihuahua by remembering Head Coach Allie Sherman's dictum that the Giants were a young team and that they would make mistakes. He often repeated that to himself: "There'll be mistakes, but we're learning all the time. We're a young team."

The next day—a day he will not forget, Bundra's Blue Monday—he was driving westbound on the Cross Bronx Expressway in his 1963 Chevrolet, when a trailer truck going east in the opposite lane lost its spare tire. The tire, rolling at a 40-mile-an-hour clip, jumped the expressway divider and sailed down

at Bundra's car. This sudden apparition gave him just time to throw up his arm to protect his eyes before he heard the double impact of the tire crumpling his front fender, then slicing up over the hood and crushing the windshield frame so that the convertible top came down around his ears. He was able to bring the car to a stop, and he sat shivering for a while in the quick silence. He could not remember a closer escape, ever, and he began thinking about his luck—how perhaps it was pretty good, considering.

That afternoon he was telling his wife about the accident, perhaps for the fifth time—when the phone rang. It was Allie Sherman's secretary asking for Bundra. The coach wanted to speak to him.

Remembering it, Bundra said, "He came right to the point. He said, 'We've decided, the coaches and I, to put you on waivers.' He and the rest of the coaching staff, they were sorry. That was all there was to it. I said to him, 'You got to drop me all the way down? You can't put me on the taxi squad?' He said, 'No, we can't.' I said, 'Why, what did I do wrong?' and he said he was sorry. I said I was just one year away from the five years you need for the pension. What about that? What would the other clubs think—my being dropped right out the bottom? He said he was sorry. I would do all right. He said I had good experience. I was young and strong."

"So that was the end. I kept thinking, 'What a day, Blue Monday.' I lost my car and my job. I was surprised my wife didn't leave me—except she was too

angry at what she'd heard; she had too much to say. So she stuck around. "What could it have been?" I kept asking myself. Maybe they were just mad, and they use me for a guinea pig. It's no joy for them to lose, either. I just didn't know the answer. I couldn't figure what they had on their minds."

Football coaches say that releasing a player is the toughest part of their job. The coaches hate it because it is hard to do cleanly. There have been procedures in the two leagues that are difficult to believe. Some years back, at Buffalo in the American Football League, the coach would cut a player by having the equipment manager clear out his locker. When the player arrived in the gym to dress for afternoon practice, he would sit down on the bench to work his shoelaces loose and suddenly find his locker empty, not even believing it at first, staring up at the locker number and then into the lockers on either side, the hope beginning to fade as his teammates, now no longer teammates but acquaintances, looked away from him embarrassed, and stared down at their own socks.

It was an experience all players went through as rookies—cutdown time, often called the Night of the Turk, or on some teams the Night of the Squeaking Shoes, to signify the emissaries coming along the dormitory corridors to fetch the players over to the office to be officially let go. At Cleveland during the training seasons when Paul Brown was the coach, he would wait until the players were all in their quarters at night. On those occasions when a cut was due, the rookies would collect in one room and, to keep their spirits up, they would put on twist records and practice the dance steps that were the rage at the time—the twist, the chicken, the mashed potato—the volume up high and the feet pounding, until Paul Brown from the floor below complained that there was so much noise he couldn't keep his mind clear to decide who to let go. Eventually the door would open anyway, and Brown's envoy would point at the unfortunate through the crash of music and the players turning in the dance patterns.

At Chicago, George Halas used to reach out and touch a man on the shoulder, and the players, seeing him coming—if they were worried about being cut—would tend to sidle away. One day he reached out to touch a quick little scabbard, who saw the hand coming at the

—Continued



Dismissed from the Giants, Mike Bundra dejectedly marks time near his Michigan home.

last second and, dodging it, dropped to the ground with a groan and began to do a series of quick push-ups. "Look," he said, glancing up at Halas. "I'm strong, too. I can do these forever." Halas was supposed to have been so touched by the player's desperation that he turned away as if it hadn't been his intention to tap him at all. He kept the player for an extra week and then came up swiftly behind him in the locker room when the player was skinning himself out of a sweat shirt and got him on the shoulder before there could be any chance of avoidance.

The reactions of released players are likely to be more consistent than the methods of dismissal—often tearful, then sullen as they think back on all the wasted effort, then a slow shift to the problems of the future. There have been exceptions. Some years ago, at the Detroit Lions' training camp on the grounds of the Cranbrook School, after two Lion players had been told they were cut they went up to their dormitory room and got mean on a bottle of rye. They came lazily out looking for trouble. They found a Cranbrook mathematics teacher in the lavatory brushing his teeth. He was wearing a green silk kimono embroidered with a red dragon. He heard them come in behind him, and he turned, smiling at them pleasantly, his mouth full of toothpaste.

"Hi, fellows," he said. "Nice practice today?"

The two players, both big linemen, stared at him, rocking slightly.

"Who's that clown?" one of them asked, pointing at him.

After studying him, the other said, "He's a Chink! A mad Chink! Look at that foam on his mouth!"

The mathematics teacher turned back to the sink. But the two players kept jawing at him. They followed him back to his quarters where they found a packed trunk (he was about to leave the school for a late summer vacation), which they hoisted out and threw down a stairwell.

If the behavior of a released player is sometimes unpredictable, almost invariably the rest of the squad is sure to ignore his misfortune. When Bundra was dropped the Giant squad, to a man, was surprised. There were a few rumors and speculations. Yet his release was discussed only briefly. Billplayers shy away from the unpleasantnesses of their trade—indeed, they pretend such things don't

exist. Being released or injured are the two most common hazards of football, both insured if one stays around long enough, and both are treated equivalently. If a player is hurt and is slow to get up after a tackle, his teammates nearby will shout, "Wipe it off! Wipe it off! Get up! Forget it!" almost as if their rallying could dismiss the concept of injury. But if a player stays down, they turn and move from him. Similarly, a released player is ignored. Bundra was well liked on the Giants. Their affection was sufficient for them to give him friendly nicknames—Big Mike the Bear, the Slovak, Boondra—and some of the players, because he had come to the Giants from the champion Browns, thought of him as a good-luck talisman. "Where Bundra goes, so goes the championship." But only two or three called him on the day of the release. Each said over the phone that he did not believe it—an error, it had to be some sort of error. They refused to accept it. Bundra said later that those who called were so positive that his release was a mix-up that in his dare from the accident and the horror of Sherman's phone call, he began to wonder if perhaps he hadn't dreamed the whole thing—that perhaps Sherman's secretary had got the wrong party on the phone. But then, almost immediately, as the three- or four-line story of his release went out over the wire services, his relatives from the Allentown area began calling. They joshed him gently. They were ex-Giant fans now. In just over a year they had been ex-Lion, ex-Viking, ex-Brown and now ex-Giant fans. One or two of them were better. "How can they drop you like that?"

"I don't know," Bundra had said. "Believe me, I don't know."

Just before the recent St. Louis Cardinal-Giant game Albie Sherman announced to his players at a team meeting: "If you don't do well on Sunday we won't even give you the courtesy of having you come in to face us. We'll cut you on the phone." The threat was by no means the first that Giant players had heard during the year from one or more of their coaches; nor is rule by fear a device used only by the Giants. Invariably coaches in both leagues will deny using such pressure. Sherman will say, "You never want to have someone looking over your shoulder. You cannot run scared in football." But the problem of

getting a team to its peak—giving it the "juice"—is complex, and anything is utilized to heighten a player's performance. There are some who, under the threat of being released, play in a controlled terror that brings on a performance they can scarcely believe themselves capable of.

Sherman is a discreet man. He believes that the personnel problems on his club are private. He will not discuss how he brings the best out of his players. He is very good at it. His record this year is better than any experts thought possible. Nor will he discuss a player who has not come up to expectations and is to be released—such as Bundra—any more than he would divulge a game plan for a following Sunday. He called Bundra a fine man, and he mentioned that his problems were those of "technical difficulties." It was absurd to believe the rumors—that he had been fired for mistakes in one series of plays or for reasons of personal pique. Bundra's future? The fact that he had only one more year to go for his pension? Well, he could fit in somewhere else. He could have made it with the Giants, perhaps, if the present personnel had been better balanced.

It was a tough part of the business, releasing a man. Curiously, in Sherman's own case, thinking back, it was a trade that had upset him more than letting a player go outright—the Darrell Dess trade. It had to be done—the only way he could get his quarterback, Earl Morrall—and he gave up an unbelievably skillful man with a perfect football temperament. For Sherman, it was apparent that giving up perfection rankled far more than any feeling of compassion he might have felt for someone being released who hadn't quite been able to make the grade. One felt he could talk about Dess for a long time.

The Bundras would have left New York for their home in Detroit as soon as the cut was announced, but they had to wait for their Chevrolet to be repaired. They had called the Giant management to see if something could be done financially to help them through the delay. They were told politely that there wasn't anything in the contractual arrangements that obliged management to assist them.

So they stuck to their apartment—with its brown wall-to-wall carpeting, the alcove kitchen and bar, with the two tall bar stools in pink and the two Utrillo prints in cloth on opposite walls in the

living room. The Bundras' only personal belongings in the living room were two souvenir ashtrays, a cardboard box in a corner for Ginger, with a blanket door, a portable television set, and next to it on the table three football trophies—two small football-player figurines on wooden stands from Bundra's high school days, and a large, gold-tinted football with a plaque that identified it as the John Dye trophy for the year's (1961) outstanding lineman at Southern California, where Bundra went to college.

On one occasion Bundra left the apartment to try to see the Giant coaches, to find out why, exactly, he had been dropped. He sat in the locker room at Yankee Stadium, but he was ignored so pointedly that after a while he left. "They knew I was there, but they wouldn't look at me. It was like I wasn't there. I'll see them before I go back to Detroit. I don't hold them no grudge. I've only played maybe 10 minutes before this year. I need to find out what was wrong. If I have a chance I'll better myself. It takes time."

"You don't learn nothing in your rookie year. The veterans won't talk to you. My second year I began to learn; Alex Karras began to show me things—how to key and pick up moves to tell me how to strike and where to pursue."

"At Cleveland, Modzelewski—Little Mo—he was the best teacher I ever had. He gave me confidence. I could feel I was going to have a good year. Then I was running after Jimmy Brown in practice when I felt this big pain and I stopped up short—like someone had hit me from behind with a stick—and they tell me I busted a blood vessel in my calf. They can't use me much after that—just on the goal-line stands when they use four defense tacklers. But I got this." He turned his hand so the championship ring glistened.

"It's not the end of the world," he said. "I'm going to make it with another club. But I wish I knew what had happened here in New York—to go all the way from first string right out the bottom...."

"Perhaps it's *their* fault," his wife said. "They're the ones that are wrong."

"One of my troubles," Bundra said, "is that I fight too much with the man in front of me on a pass rush. I got to learn to get rid of him. Maybe that's it. Maybe if I could straighten that problem out...."

"They had it in for *me*," his wife said. "Don't ask me why."

Bundra went on. "Maybe on the runs I play the man opposite different from what they want. My habit is to play him soft, not kill him, just to pop him and get rid of him and then go on the pursuit. That's the way Alex Karras does it. Sometimes he hardly touches his man to get around him. That's my style, too. That's what I learned. But maybe Alie and Pop Ivy, the defense coach, they want me to do different, to kill the guy in front. Well, I'll do that. I'll do what they want. But they got to come to me and say something. I mean, how can I do

what they want if they don't tell me?"

"Don't you change for nobody," his wife said. "You do what you learned best."

Bundra got up and turned on the television set. A few days before, he and his wife had watched the Giant-Cardinal game. He had rooted for the Giants to win. His wife joshed him half humorously for doing so. She cheered heartily for the Cardinals. "What's wrong with you, anyway?" she had asked.

"It's a good team," her husband had said. "I can't knock them. I love pro ball. I can't knock anything about it. It's been good to me."

END

Bundra sprawls in futile attempt to break up a Frank Ryan pass. After this game he was cut.



LOCAL BOYS MAKE VERY GOOD

In the national soccer championships last week St. Louis would have been proud whichever school won. Both teams in the final were loaded with players developed in the city's Catholic youth leagues **by JOE JARES**

To St. Louis boys, especially Catholic St. Louis boys, kicking a soccer ball around is as natural as yanking girls' pigtails. A husky youngster might be asked what parish he belongs to, but more likely he will be asked what parish he plays for. While most of the nation is perfectly content to let soccer superiority rest in São Paulo or Liverpool or wherever, the Catholic Youth Council (CYC) in St. Louis sponsors about 447 teams with 20 to 30 players each, in addition to strong Catholic high school squads. The non-Catholics have joined the fun in recent years with public high school teams and playground programs, the biggest of which has more than 100 teams. This tradition started in the early 1800s but picked up around the turn of the century when robust prospective priests played the game as a diversion from seminary studies. After they were ordained they naturally taught soccer to the youths of their churches.

All of this is very handy for St. Louis University, a midtown Jesuit school which, until the NCAA started a national soccer tournament in 1959, was chiefly known in the sports pages as a) the alma mater of All-America Basketball Player Ed Macauley and b) the owner of a strange team nickname—Billikens. (A Billiken is a squat comic figure, not a cross between a billy goat and a pelican.) Today, glutted with home-grown talent, St. Louis U. is known as the country's premier soccer school, winner of four out of the first six NCAA championships and a close contender the other two times. Last Saturday afternoon at Francis Field in St. Louis the Billikens won their fifth title in a close, rough game against Michigan State, a game that was decided by a penalty.

Yes, the opposition was Michigan State, the same populous Big Ten school

that is sending an unbeaten football team to the Rose Bowl. The Spartans go for soccer in a big way, as is demonstrated by the fact that four of their best players are graduates of the CYC Leagues in St. Louis. MSU coach Gene Kenney, a red-haired ex-wrestler from the University of Illinois, has enough money in his budget to pay tuition for 10 boys. He has a 4,000-seat soccer field with a scoreboard, healthy turf, good drainage and a press box. ("Nothing in St. Louis like it," he says.) He can entice high school prospects with a magnificent campus that includes five swimming pools in one block and enough lighted tennis courts to supply all of Australia.

With such impressive assets, Kenney should be doing splendidly, and he is—except against St. Louis. Friday night he discussed the St. Louis-Michigan State rivalry. He seldom sleeps well on the eve of a big game, so he was relaxing as best he could in the dark cocktail lounge of the Congress Inn, sipping rum and Coca-Cola. "Once the game starts, I'm all right," he said, speaking in staccato bursts. "I don't go out and hit anybody in the mouth, but I'm a hard loser. This is our 10th year of soccer and we've only lost nine games, seven of them to St. Louis." Twice St. Louis kicked his boys out of the NCAA playoffs with 2-0 victories. Earlier this season St. Louis came from behind in the fourth quarter to beat State 3-2. For a man who places soccer above anything—even fishing trips to the wilds of Canada—such frustration is difficult to endure.

When someone mentioned that poor little St. Louis had no soccer scholarships and no fancy field, Kenney scoffed. "St. Louis will always have great soccer teams," he said. "It's a natural draw."

Earlier Friday, while Kenney hurried around to find a whirlpool bath for some

of his athletes, argued in vain to gain admission to Francis Field (owned by Washington U.) and conducted a light workout, St. Louis Coach Bob Guelker took things much easier. He had to give interviews, attend a luncheon with Kenney and pick up jangling telephones, but he seemed calm. Coaching the Billikens as a part-time job for him. He is executive secretary of the CYC, director of the CYC Soccer Association and a partner in a sporting-goods company. He carefully watches promising soccer players from the diaper stage on up through the CYC age-group ranks and has all of those years to prepare the boys for competition at St. Louis U. The antitrust department should investigate him.

One of Guelker's little Friday duties was an interview with Ed Macauley, that All-America basketball legend who is now a TV sports announcer in St. Louis. Macauley, one local Catholic boy who somehow bypassed soccer, feigned good-natured surprise at all the commotion over "this silly game." He woefully admitted his own son played on a crack parish soccer team.

"St. Louis has no soccer scholarships," Guelker confirmed. "The school is in the middle of a big, expensive building program. We may have spoiled our administrators by winning the NCAA the first year without scholarships. But they're generous with the travel budget. This year we flew down to Miami on a charter. Every boy on our team is not only from the state, but they are native-born St. Louis boys. We like to play this game and we don't like to be second-best. We're not bitter about Michigan State

continued

Billiken Fullback Gene Baker heads ball over Michigan State's Gary McBrady in final game.





taking St. Louis players. We're just glad they can get a free education."

St. Louis U. and Michigan State did not wait untolded into the final game of the NCAA tournament. At Fairgrounds Park last Thursday night they had to fight their way past Army and Navy in semifinal games. State played Army in the opener and the Billikens met defending champion Navy in the main event. The night was cold and the lights were dim, but 5,500 spectators jammed the inadequate stands. Others, unable to get seats, lined the field's boundaries. It was a surprisingly large crowd, for even in St. Louis soccer usually is not much of a gate attraction. People play the game but do not necessarily pay to watch others play it. This time they turned out.

The Spartans beat Army 3-1, coasting at the end, and it was just about an all-Missouri show. State's first goal was by Rich Nelke, a sophomore outside left from St. Louis. The assist was credited to stocky Guy Busch, another St. Louis sophomore. Busch himself kicked the other two State goals, his 23rd and 24th of the season, virtually assuring him All-American honors in center forward. Busch was a leading scorer on a CYC team that won the national junior title.

On paper, St. Louis University had a harder chore in playing Navy, unbeaten for two years. The Middles had beaten Guelker's team in the semis last season 2-1; the Billikens remembered they had been pushed around somewhat in that game and came out battling this time. The game was scoreless until the last few seconds of the first quarter when Navy kicked a goal. It was disallowed. The timer had pulled the trigger before the score, but his gun had not fired until he had pulled it the third time. Judging by the ensuing furor, you would have thought somebody had called John Paul Jones a landlubber.

The silent shot sunk Navy's spirits. The only goal the Middles got the rest of the way was one a Billiken defenseman accidentally deflected into his own net. St. Louis won 3-1, led by the tricky mid-field ball-handling of Carl Gentile (pronounced Jen-tilly), a little guy who, if his ears were pointed, could serve as a model for the Billiken symbol. He and

a speedy Irishman, Pat McBride, were superb at bringing the ball through opposition kickers. Gentile kicked one of the goals and assisted on the two others.

The slogan for St. Louis this became "12 in a row and one to go." Coach Guelker had never had an undefeated and untied season despite the four national championships. He did not get very daring in his pregame analysis, dropping such original asides as "this is anybody's game," and "both teams are well-conditioned." Gene Kenney played it cool, too. "It's a pleasure to come to St. Louis," he told a luncheon audience. "It's a great soccer town. It's the best soccer town, I'm sure we all agree." Sweetness and light.

The best soccer town turned up an estimated 8,500 fans at Francis Field, complete with pretty girl cheerleaders dressed in white who did not have much chance to lead cheers because, darn it, the action is continuous in soccer. No nice girl-watching time-outs. Ed Macauley drank a soda pop in the press box and allowed as how he still thought it was a lot of foolishness. There was a bell to be rung, a timer's pistol guaranteed to fire at the first hint of a trigger tug, and soccer-loving priests who remembered their seminary days.

Coach Kenney, whose team had not been allowed on the premises the day before, brought his boys out early to poke around, getting acquainted with a hure spot here, a thick tuft there and a bump over yonder. Then he took them back into the dressing room for a while before bringing them out for good. He hoped they would think they were in familiar surroundings. Kenney has Turks, Ukrainians, New Englanders, Midwesterners and a Jamaican honor student in engineering on his squad. He has to be, and is, a good psychologist.

For this big game Kenney had George Jones from Cincinnati and Detroit playing goalie. Jones was a front liner as a soph and junior but took the goalie job this year to help the team.

The first quarter was scoreless. The Billikens seemed to dominate with their fine short-passing game, again featuring McBride and Gentile, who can do things with their sensitive feet that some basketball guards cannot do with their hands. Michigan State's Guy Busch had a good angle on a free kick but was too high. Twice there was almost a brawl and once the referees, imported from neutral Chi-

cago, brought the ball back to the center of the field because of ungentlemanly conduct by both sides.

St. Louis scored in the second quarter when Gentile hoisted the ball across the field, and Jay Moore deflected it into the net with his cranium, a heady play especially favored by Moore. But Jay was off side and the score was disallowed. All this time St. Louis' Jack Galsim was doing a good job of guarding Guy Busch, who can kick like a mule with either foot.

The game-breaking and, for State, heartbreaking penalty occurred in the third quarter. A Spartan defenseman tripped Pat McBride in the never-never land, the rectangular territory marked outside the goal. This gave St. Louis a penalty kick from 12 yards out, with just the poor goalie, George Jones, facing the kicker. It was as if Jimmy Brown was given the football on the 12 and one poor soul was stationed between him and the goal line. Protecting the 24-foot-by-8-foot goal is next to impossible. Gentile was picked by St. Louis to try the kick and he made it, sneaking it into the left corner beyond the diving Jones's fingertips.

Surprisingly, a State defenseman was called for shoving in the penalty zone just minutes later, but this time Gentile was wide right on the penalty kick. There was no more scoring, although McBride tried a sideways right-footed kick in the last period and hit the right upright.

In the last minute the Spartans were fighting desperately to regain control of the ball so they could get one more try for a tie and thus force the game into overtime. The excitement even got the best of Ed Macauley, who was half out of his press-box chair for most of the fourth quarter. The game almost turned into a full-scale Mississippi riverfront brawl in that wild last minute, but the referees and coaches joined forces and broke it up in time.

"It was a fitting final," said phrase-maker Bob Guelker after the final gun. "Break up the Yankees," yelled some soccer enthusiast (probably Macauley).

Spartan Coach Kenney walked up to Guelker, gave him a perfunctory hand-shake and turned away quickly, his lips set in a thin, bitter line. He did not growl, "Wait until next year," but he must have been seething. In 1966 his varsity will be packed with nine boys from St. Louis. Maybe that will be enough at last. **END**

ART SHAW

Winning score, a penalty kick by Carl Gentile, eludes dive by Spartan goalie George Jones.



For 11 years, as a collegian and a pro, little Guy Rodgers passed the basketball to the big fellows and watched them score the points. Now, leading the San Francisco Warriors, he is astonishing teammates as well as opponents with his shooting

by FRANK DEFORD

THE NAME OF THE GAME IS COOTY'S TURNABOUT

Mrs. Cooty Brown could contain herself no longer. Last week, in letters home to Philadelphia, she added after each signature: "Wife of a Shooting Star." Cooty Brown himself was embarrassed. He could not sleep and he could not eat. He lost so much weight that his wife sent him out for a new pair of trousers, because "I just love him best in those nice, tapered pants, and the ones he has now have gotten so big on him that they look funny."

Cooty's coach watched him play with astonishment. "I thought I was beginning to see things," Alex Hannum said. "So finally, when he did one more fantastic thing, I turned to Gary Phillips next to me on the bench and I said, 'Gary, am I wrong? Has he ever done that before?' And Gary just shook his head, and said, 'No, Alex, I'm sure he's never done that before. I've played with him and I've guarded him, and I've never seen him do that before.' And then he did something else, so we just sat there and shook our heads some more."

The opposition was at least as amazed. "Those were unbelievable shots," St. Louis Coach Richie Guerin said after

Cooty scored 37 against the Hawks. "Those were the kind of shots we want opposing players to take. But they just kept going in. Unbelievable."

Cooty did splurge on a new convertible, but that was mere coincidence—the old family car had 76,000 miles on it. Then he kept turning the air conditioning on when he meant the defroster, and after one game he drove off absentmindedly into the left-hand lane. And he talked—in spurts, rat-a-tat-tat, the way he always has done when he is most nervous. He talked little, however, about his own feats. "He really doesn't enjoy talking about them," his wife said. "He doesn't like people to make a fuss over him any time, and now he just won't let himself be indulged by it all. But I love to talk about it, I'm just gloating. I knew all along he could do this."

He had by now brought his average up to 24.7, sixth best in the league, good for anyone but amazing because this was little Cooty Brown. Little Cooty is really little Guy Rodgers of the NBA's San Francisco Warriors and Guy Rodgers has been a passer—good field, no hit—ever since he grew up in North Philadelphia

together with, among other celebrities-to-be, Comedian Bill Cosby. Rodgers, Cosby and their friends used to toss off singsong nonsense rhymes about the fictitious Mr. Brown, e.g., "Cooty Brown/ Put on his hat/ And headed down."

Eventually Cosby decided that Rodgers was Cooty Brown. He even had him paged in a hotel that way once. Rodgers did not take the page. He enjoys a gag, but underneath, always, he has been an intensely dedicated man. He is so caught up in basketball competition that sleepless nights and skipped meals are routine with him. There have just been more of them since he went on his scoring spree three weeks ago. Once, years ago, he scored 33 points. And now, suddenly, he was averaging 36 over an eight-game bust-out. In his seven previous NBA seasons—time spent almost exclusively as a willing caddy for Wilt Chamberlain—Rodgers averaged 11.9. He had never been a good shot; his .380 career shooting percentage is third worst in the league among regular backcourtmen.

But Rodgers could always pass. The night his Temple teammate Hal Lear scored 48 points, then a record, in the



Rodgers drives around Cincinnati's Tom Thacker during victory in which he scored 31 points and had 16 assists, a remarkable combination.

NCAA tournament. Rodgers, a sophomore, had 20 assists. Even then he was frequently compared to Bob Cousy. He went on to lead the NBA in assists one year, and most other times was second only to Oscar Robertson. He is neck and neck for the assist lead with Robertson this year; ignored in all this scoring whoopdoo is the fact that his whole game has never been better. "Guy is the best dribbler, the best playmaker and the best passer in the game," Hannum says. "And this includes Oscar." "He's the toughest guy in the league to take the ball away from," adds Boston's K. C. Jones, who has made a career of taking the ball away.

More than anything, though, Rodgers—who resembles Soupy Sales—is just plain fun to watch, scooting all over the court, weaving in and out of the big men. At least half a dozen times a game he throws over-the-shoulder or behind-the-back passes, and in every game there is some new spontaneous move that is even more exciting. He is always a crowd favorite anyway, for besides everything else he is the smallest or next to the smallest player in the NBA. Both he and

John Egan are generously listed at 6 feet, but each swears that the other is taller.

The Amazing, Never-to-be-forgotten, True-to-life Scoring Spree of Guy William Rodgers came without warning. There it was, like a butterfly, suddenly out and winging. First came 39, then 21, 47, 23, 39, 46 and back-to-back 37s before he finally cooled off with 16, 21 and 24. During the binge Rodgers hit at .473 and took 30 shots a game—more than double what he had allowed himself in the previous seven years. But the kind of shots were even more interesting.

For example, just examine the second quarter of the game against New York when he hit for 46. The play-by-play summary of Guy's array of baskets was forced to go far beyond the usual prosaic account: "Rodgers jumper from left corner from the tap . . . Rodgers backhand two-hand shot from just left of bucket banked in . . . Rodgers jumper from the circle . . . Rodgers 3 ft. floater from mid-air from mid-lane . . . Rodgers jumper from the circle . . . Rodgers 6 ft. jumper from left lane though closely guarded . . . Rodgers lay-in of a rebound from the middle . . . Rodgers un-

derhand flip layup from the right side . . . Rodgers jumper from the circle."

He was, of course, just plain hot during all this, but there are other factors in his success, some of which also account for the increased scoring by backcourtmen throughout the NBA. Never have guards so dominated the game. Chamberlain is the only center or forward among the league's top eight scorers, and even Wilt is averaging his lowest ever (32.8). A partial explanation of this startling turnabout is that almost all of the fine cornermen of the last decade have left at the same time. Bob Pettit, Dolph Schayes and Tom Heinsohn are retired, Elgin Baylor is injured and Cliff Hagan and Jack Twyman are fading. But the game itself has also changed in favor of the little man since the lane was widened again last year.

Suddenly, too, it is fashionable to run. The press and the fast break have never been so much in evidence in the NBA, and guards are controlling the play from one end of the court to the other. Nowhere has this change been so marked as in San Francisco's post-Chamberlain era. Only now, with Wilt gone, has

continued

Rodgers had a chance to follow his instincts. He and Wilt are very close friends—Wilt called up last week with the news that his Great Dane had had puppies and that he was saving one for Rodgers—and Guy's only regret about his new playing freedom is the fear that in the process of explanation Wilt will be criticized unfairly. "Certainly it wasn't as natural playing with Wilt," Rodgers begins. "We were all more like specialists. But don't make it sound like this was his fault. When Wilt Chamberlain is on your team, you have to play to him. He is just so good."

"But things are more flexible now with Nate [Thurmond] underneath. It is more spread out with him, and more things just seem to happen when the lane is opened up. When Wilt was in there, even if they gave me the lane, when I got there, there he was and there was his man. This is more natural now. It's easier, and you can do more things."

Rodgers himself has had to do even more since Paul Neumann, the San Francisco guard who can shoot, broke a finger at Los Angeles the night Rodgers got 47. In Neumann's absence Rodgers is the shooter. That, perhaps, is the larg-

est single reason, if the most transitory, for his increased scoring.

San Francisco will miss Neumann for a few more weeks, but even with him and the new Rodgers the happy Warriors would still be quite happy with a .500 season. It would be a considerable accomplishment, for this is the team that last year set an NBA record with 63 losses. In the city where topless is a way of life now, the Warriors had the bottomless concession to themselves. Before Rodgers started leading the club back, San Francisco looked like a city that could kill basketball and sex all in the same year, which is quite a parody.

Last year the Warriors averaged only 2,800 spectators desperate enough to wander in out of the fog. But the fans are starting to come back now, and not just because the Warriors are a novelty, almost the only entertainers in town with their clothes on. Rodgers, despite big Thurmond and some bright rookies, is the draw. Says Warrior Owner Franklin Maule, "I've lived here all my life, and I know how provincial this town can be. When the Giants came out, they wouldn't accept Willie Mays. He was New York. Orlando Cepeda was just

getting started, so they made him the hero. It is the same way with Guy. Maybe he came from Philadelphia with the franchise, but the new Guy Rodgers happened right here, so he is ours."

The new Guy Rodgers is the same old happy but fretful Guy, according to Gladys Rodgers. Devoted to children—he has taught retarded youngsters, is the athletic director at one summer camp, a basketball instructor at another—he is a willing baby-sitter for Tony Rodgers, 4, and Marc, 2. "And there are always other kids hanging around, here or back in Philadelphia," Mrs. Rodgers says. "If Guy isn't home they will just come in and talk to me about him." Rodgers does not smoke or drink alcohol. His favorite drink is a Shirley Temple.

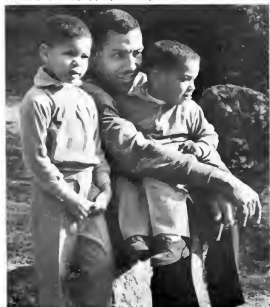
Rodgers' *alter ego* is another Warrior guard, Al Attles. A bachelor, Attles lives with the Rodgers family in San Francisco, and he and Guy are inseparable. The whole Warrior team is extremely close, though Rodgers, at 30—now he worries about his age, Mrs. Rodgers says—is something of an elder statesman.

Thurmond, out of Wilt's shadow, is really a rookie center; baby-faced Mo McElmorie is in his second season; and there are three good rookies—Rick Barry of Miami, Fred Hetzel of Davidson and Keith Erickson of UCLA. Hetzel is known as "Stoney," because he was so awed when he came to camp that he had a stunned expression frozen on his face for a week. Barry, unperturbed, moved right into a starting forward role opposite Tom Meschery and is the team's second leading scorer. He is given to \$6 razor haircuts, a fact that impresses his teammates as much as his play. They call Barry "Super Rookie."

Erickson, a third-round draft choice, has been a big surprise and is learning to play a swing-man role. He is, as ever, completely unflappable. When Rodgers, kidding around before the Cincinnati game last week, could not smooth down some unruly hair on Keith's head, Guy yanked out the uncooperative strands. "Keith just looked up with no change of expression at all," Rodgers relates incredulously, "and all he finally said was, 'Thanks, man.'" They call Erickson "Super Flake."

In the game against Cincinnati, San Francisco used a new, settled offense, with less reliance on the fast break. Rodgers would come down and set up a play, keying on one of the four positions that

A devoted family man, Guy enjoys day off with Tony, 4, and Marc, 2, in a San Francisco park.



continued



**Introducing Kent of London[™] Cologne for men.
It can't talk.
But women get the message.**

The scent is new. Women have never been exposed to it before.
Think about that.

Cologne and After Shave. Also Talc, Deodorant Spray, Shower Soap and
Hair Groom. Available in handsome gift sets, too. At fine stores everywhere.

Kent of London[™]—Exclusive Toiletries for Men. Made in U.S.A.



Oh, you shouldn't have.



(But I'm glad you did!)

Isn't that what they always say when you give the Smooth Canadian? That's because Seagram's V.O. does what no other whisky can. It defines smooth once and for all. Light? Of course. And gift wrapped (at no charge) to look as if someone really cares.

Which you and we certainly do!

Thurmond would take. This might seem a bit odd, because it cuts down directly on Rodgers' wild-card scoring opportunities, but Hannum, a great believer in balance, had come to feel that the Warriors were running too much. "Guy saved us," he says. "If he hadn't been so fabulous we wouldn't have won any of those games after Neumann was hurt. But as much as I wish that he could keep it up, I just cannot believe that we can win with Guy doing all the scoring. He does so many other things too well, things that no one else can do. And we were just getting too better-slower."

The new wrinkle got the ball inside to the big men, but there was still plenty of running, too. In fact, the Warriors blew the game open in the fourth quarter with a burst of better-slower. In a flurry lasting about two minutes Rodgers led a combination of Erickson, McLemore, Barry and Thurmond to behind into a safe lead. He had three gorgeous assists, one steal, one basket. For the game, five Warriors had at least 15 points each, with Rodgers making 23 points, 16 assists and six rebounds.

Henceforth such relatively subdued scoring totals probably can be expected from Guy. With the knowledge that he can score big and with, as Hannum calls it, "that great freedom of confidence," Rodgers may still come up with a 35-pointer occasionally. As long as the lanes are open and the Warriors are running—no matter how many he scores—he is a thrilling player to watch just passing and dribbling.

"It's been real great that I've done all this scoring," Rodgers says, "but I have to be realistic. For the team to depend on me—well, I just don't believe that we could win with just me doing that."

Gladys and Guy Rodgers and Antles headed out after the game to relax at Don Barisale's Showcase in Oakland. They ordered Shirley Temples, and Rodgers leaned back in his new, tighter fitting pants to watch the amateur night show. He talked about County Brown and growing up in North Philadelphia. "It was a pretty tough neighborhood," he said, "but I never had any trouble. I always had a guy 6 feet 7 and a guy 6 feet 11 with me." Gladys Rodgers pooh-poos such talk. She believes that her husband can get by without any protection, no matter what, on the court or off. "He's amazing," she says. "I've never even seen a dog bark at Guy."

END



All Heads have to beat is the clock

Other racing skis have to beat Heads. Which isn't easy. Our proud, yellow-prowed Competitions have very winning ways . . . with no end of trophies to prove it. Downhill, Slalom, and Giant Slalom versions make said events eventful. The GS is incomparable, too, for you experts who demand the most demanding all-around ski. This new breed of speed, stability, and control didn't just happen. Head engineering at the start is what helps put you first at the finish.

Best Skis, six models, \$119.95 to \$149.95. Poles, \$24.95. At ski shops ski shops the world over. Bazzling new poster, 30¢ (new Handbook free) from Head Ski Co., Inc., Hanover, Md. 21083, U.S.A.



THEY ALL GO BANG! AT BAMBI

But, prelee be, the huntmen of rival teams have not been able to mar the fawnlike grace of San Diego's Lance Alworth, or prevent him from becoming the best wide receiver in football **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

Putting a nickname on an athlete is a trickier business than one might suppose. The idea is to pick out some distinction of appearance or behavior and symbolize it. Often the best and simplest symbols are animals, since animals have qualities that are universal. A fox wherever encountered is a fox, and when a receiver like Bill Howton is called The Red Fox one knows at once not only the color of his hair but something of how Howton used to run pass patterns. In professional football there are a badger, a hog, a snake, a skunk, an alligator, a weasel, a tiger, a bull, a hare—a menagerie of symbols. What makes symbol-

selecting difficult is that the nickname must be precise and easily recognizable, whether it is an animal symbol or not, and it must be comfortable on the tongue. One could hardly walk up to Red Grange and say, "Hah yew, Galloping Ghost?" Nor could one approach Vince Lombardi, who played on a Fordham line called the Seven Blocks of Granite, and inquire, "What's new, Block?" However, one could address Clyde Turner as Bulldog or Alan Ameche as Horse or, in the quasi-amateur aspect of the game, Paul Bryant as Bear and not feel awkward about it. And in all of sports there has never been a

more apt or more accurate nickname than the one borne by Lance Alworth of the San Diego Chargers (see cover). It does not please him, as is frequently the case with nicknames, but the image it evokes is of Lance Alworth running, jumping, dodging, all with incredible grace, and that style is Lance Alworth.

They call him Bambi.

Bambi was a deer pursued by wicked hunters with guns that went bang! in a child's tale written by Felix Salten. Maybe children no longer read Bambi but, as it is a cruel and sentimental story, it was perfect material for a Walt Disney movie of 15 or 20 years ago and every-



body knew Bambi then, when the current pro football players were of an age to appreciate him. In 1962, when Lance Alworth—a pretty evocative name in itself—was a rookie with the Chargers, he came off the field one afternoon to find Charlie Flowers, a former Mississippi All-American, staring at him with the expression Bob Kane must have had when he woke up with the inspiration for Batman.

"You're Bambi," said Flowers.

"What for?" Alworth asked.

"I or your big brown eyes and the way you move," said Flowers.

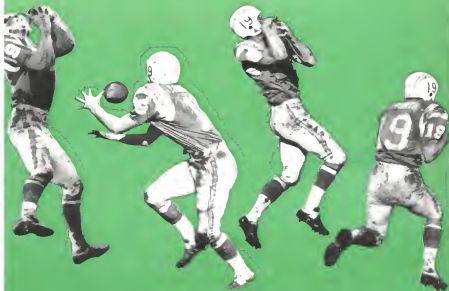
And he was Bambi. Alworth has tried growing his hair long and dyeing it red to change the impression. He has neglected shaving and gone about scowling, but that merely made him look like Bambi at a masquerade. The only time he escaped the symbol was when a few of the Chargers began calling him Governor F. aubus after an Arkansas political campaign in which Lance made speeches

in behalf of his friend Orval F. aubus. That nickname—besides being a joke, was artificial and could not endure. Nobody can say exactly what class is but everybody is aware of it when in its presence, and Lance has too much class to be called Governor F. aubus for long. He is the best spread receiver in professional football and is the classiest-looking at his job. If Alworth played for the New York Giants or Jets—in that city where all a second-string quarterback named Earl Morrall had to do was show up to get a network radio program—he would earn \$100,000 a year in salaries and endorsements. Alworth is not on relief in San Diego, a sunny, palm-rustling town in a pocket between the Pacific to the west, the Cuyamaca Mountains to the east, Los Angeles to the north and the Mexican border outpost of Tijuana to the south but, being from the provinces and the generally underestimated American Football League, Alworth does not have the star status he deserves.

An exception is the state of Arkansas, where Alworth was an All-America halfback at the university in Fayetteville. It would not be enough to say that the people of Arkansas have affection for Alworth. They have passion for him. At one pro exhibition game in Little Rock, the stands were jammed with people who had come to see Lance. On the second play of the game Alworth was knocked out. He was carried off the field by Ernie Ladd and Ernie Wright, which made an interesting photograph in the Little Rock papers the next day, since Ladd and Wright are Negroes. Lance returned at the half to wave at the crowd and assure them that he was all right, and he appeared twice on television, but his coach, Sid Gillman, did not put him back into the game. The people were not there to see the Chargers or their opponents, the Houston Oilers, but to see Alworth, and club officials expected a noisy protest from the stands. There was none. The people simply loved.

By Alworth

THE MANY MOVES OF LANCE ALWORTH



Bambi too much to want him to risk getting hurt.

At the College All-Star Game in the summer of 1962, Alworth was trying to explain to a Big Ten tackle the emotion Arkansas has for its football players. "When I go home they don't recognize me," said the tackle. The All-Stars were on a bus driving through Evanston, a Chicago suburb, and the tackle pointed out the window to a car with Arkansas plates. "See if they recognize you," the tackle said. As the bus passed the car, Lance leaned out the window and did what they refer to in Arkansas as calling the pig—yelling, "Whoooo, pig, sooccy!" the Arkansas battle cry. From the car came shouts of "Whoooo, pig, sooccy!" and "Hey, Lance!" The tackle was convinced. The tackle did not know that the people in the car were University of Arkansas Publicist Bob Chayne and his family, but it is not likely that it would have made any difference who was in the car. Anybody in a vehicle with Arkansas plates would have known Lance Alworth.

Alworth led the nation in punt returns at Arkansas in 1960 and 1961 and the Razorbacks won 25 of 31 games during his career, but his ground-gaining was unimpressive. Arkansas played the wing T, and Lance was used as an outside running threat. Forced to cover Alworth, the opposition allowed the Arkansas quarterbacks to cut back against the flow of pursuit for good yardage. Alworth was seldom employed as a pass receiver, although he did score on a 67-yard pass against SMU in 1961. He was a run-pass-kick athlete who could do anything better than anybody else, and by merely stepping onto the field he helped Arkansas win or tie three straight Southwest Conference championships when the Razorbacks were not that strong.

Lance went to Arkansas through a combination of Frank Broyles's charm and Johnny Vaught's rules. Born in Houston, Alworth grew up in Brookhaven, Miss., where he won 12 high school athletic letters. He had learned football in the oil camps of Mississippi and Louisiana among college football players working at summer jobs. "They called the game roughhouse," he says. "I was in the second grade and played with the big boys on a hard, gravelled lot. One boy would kick off and 15 or 20 of us would go after the ball. The one who got it ran as far as he could. When he

was downed he'd throw the ball over his head and somebody else would get it and start again until somebody took it across the goal. When we finished, our faces would be scraped to shreds, but it was fun."

Ole Miss signed Alworth after his senior year in high school, but Coach Vaught had rules against married players and Lance, at 17, had married 15-year-old Betty Allen. While Vaught was thinking up some exceptions to his rules, Arkansas Coach Broyles and his wife, Barbara, entered the situation, and soon the young Alworths were en route to Fayetteville. "If you're a high school kid and Frank talks to your parents, you're going to Arkansas," Lance says. "He comes on with that solid, Christian, considerate, engaging manner of his, telling them how he's going to take care of their boy, and you're gone." Alworth is still consumed by devotion for Arkansas. His Charger roommate, All-AFL Fullback Keith Lincoln, sat with Lance, watching the Arkansas-Texas game on television this year. "Lance got blue in the face from yelling, and first thing I knew I was standing on the bed yelling for him," says Lincoln.

Alworth lives with Betty and their two children in a two-story house in a fashionable section of Little Rock, where he has recently retired from the advertising business because, he says, "I worked from 8 in the morning until 11 at night and was mentally and physically exhausted as I've never been before. I won't do that again. I like to play golf and fish too much." He considers himself a citizen of Arkansas, and as such worked for Fausb. (He believes the man was misunderstood during the Little Rock integration troubles in 1956.) Lance went out and shook hands for Fausb, but he also shakes hands with every Charger before every game. He accepted with grace the kidding his teammates gave him when he returned from the Fausb campaign. Crosses were burned above Alworth's dressing cubicle in San Diego. Negro Halfback Paul Lowe, who was born and brought up in the Watts district of Los Angeles, led Freedom Marches and made civil rights speeches in front of Alworth in the locker room. On Lance's first day back from the Fausb campaign, white Linebacker Paul Maguire, since traded to

Buffalo, stepped into a huddle and said, "What's going on here? I thought this was a segregated scrimmage." The Negroes laughed, and so did Alworth. "In my honest opinion, the southern players get along with Negroes better than most players from other parts of the country," says Lance. "Maybe we try harder because of where we're from, but as far as I'm concerned we're all the same. There are no racial factions on this team. We have the speeches and Freedom Marches in the locker room only when everybody is feeling good. There's nothing bitter about it."

Lance was signed for the Chargers by Al Davis, now the coach and general manager at Oakland, and it was a con job of rare smoothness. Alworth had been the first draft choice of the San Francisco 49ers of the National Football League but did not discuss salary with them. "Davis had me sold on San Diego," Lance says, "and when I met Red Hickey [then coach of the 49ers] I asked for a no-cut contract. Red is from Arkansas, but I don't know him well. He spent 10 minutes telling me why I couldn't have a no-cut contract. I told him I had a no-cut offer from the other league, and he said, O.K., he guessed I could have one from San Francisco. I didn't much like that attitude. I didn't care which league I went to, except Davis had promised I could play sooner at San Diego and that was what I wanted."

Alworth's career with the Chargers began off-key. Several players were kicking 40-yard field goals for fun in practice when Line Coach Joe Madro shouted for them to stop before someone got hurt. Alworth, who had absorbed a number of beatings as a college football hero and had soaked up a skunkful of bucksot while leaping a fence with a watermelon under his arm, could not imagine getting hurt kicking a field goal. As he kicked one last time, another player pushed him. Lance's foot hit the top of the ball and flew up with a tremendous snap. A muscle in his right thigh, above the knee, popped and rolled up like a window shade. Alworth was put into a cast and warned by a doctor not to straighten his leg for two weeks, but the Charger trainer (who has been replaced by efficient young Jim Van Deusen) ordered Lance out of the cast and told him to run his leg into shape. Later, two men held Alworth on a table while the trainer tried to massage what

continued



SOME OF OUR BEST FRIENDS ARE CHAUFFEURS. And there are a number of reasons why: the car's exceptional comfort, its great interior luxury, its new smoothness and quietness of operation, the marvelous ease provided by Cadillac's new steering and handling, and, of course, the car's impressive new stature and beauty. No wonder that wherever you find Cadillac chauffeurs—professional or amateur—you find a solid body of praise for the world's most highly regarded luxury car. Drive it soon. Discover why Cadillac makes friends so easily.

New elegance, new excellence, new excitement!

Cadillac  1966

If she gives you a REMINGTON shaving system this Christmas, look what you get.

A closer shave than any other electric shave. 3 heads—not just 2. Thinnest made for the closest shave. Trims sideburns too.

Extra power for comfort. The most powerful motor in shaving. No pull or drag.



Power console. Stores and charges the shaver 24 hours a day.



The little red light. An ingenious device. Tells you if the shaver is charging.



Dial any voltage—home or abroad. Same close shaves no matter where you travel.



Here's a cord in case you forget to recharge. Plug in, shave on the spot.

Look what else you get.



That's why it costs a bit more. Cord/Cordless **REMINGTON® LEKTRONIC V Shaver**

REMINGTON *Lektronic*



CORD/COROLESS



REMINGTON

Electric Shaver • 100% Cordless • 100% Cordless



Now take 4 flash pictures without changing bulbs

SYLVANIA BLUE DOT FLASHCUBE

A revolution in flash picture taking

Flashcube photography is here! Now flash picture-taking is more convenient, more fun than ever before—with the new Sylvania Blue Dot Flashcube.

Sealed inside each new Sylvania Blue Dot Flashcube are 4 full-power blue flashbulbs and 4 tiny reflectors.

Kodak has designed a whole new line of easy-to-use Instamatic cameras to accept these Flashcubes. All you do is pop on a Sylvania Blue Dot Flashcube, and shoot. You can take 4 flash pictures with one cube. After a picture is taken, the cube is automatically rotated to the next bulb. Instantly. This lets you take all 4 in as little as 5 seconds, to get picture sequences that need to get away.



And when you've used up a Flashcube, it pops out of your new Kodak Instamatic camera barely warm to the touch. What a convenience not to fumble around changing bulbs when good pictures are happening. With the Sylvania Blue Dot Flashcube, you're always ready for the next shot. In black and white, or color.

When we say "a revolution in flash picture-taking," we mean it. A revolution in simplicity. A revolution in convenience. A revolution that lets you get those priceless pictures that need to get away.

Remember, only Sylvania makes the Blue Dot Flashcube. Ask about Flashcube photography at your nearby photo counter today.



3 cubes,
12 flashes per pack
Suggested retail price \$1.95

SYLVANIA
A DIVISION OF
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS GTE

he insisted was a "blood pocket" out of Lance's leg. "I could feel that muscle squibbling around. He'd mash it down and get the blood to bulge up and then the muscle would squibble loose again. I had tears in my eyes when I finally made them let me up. I figured, well, it was all the same in football from high school on. Nobody would believe you were hurt. They'd say for you to come on and get at it when you couldn't walk, and they'd hog you off the field like a sack. But last year when I had a bad knee, Jimmy Van Deusen asked me three days before the championship game if I could run on it and I told him no and he believed me. I appreciated that."

Alworth—as Bambi, the gifted, the quick, the graceful—survived that first experience and played four games as a rookie, catching 10 passes and scoring three touchdowns. His statistics since then have been remarkable. In the three following seasons, including this one, Lance has had an average of more than 20 yards per catch and, carrying out the primary mission of a deep receiver, which is to score, has made a touchdown once every five receptions. And that is not on a small number of catches. In 1963 he caught 61 passes for 1,206 yards and 11 touchdowns. Last year it was 61 catches for 1,235 yards and 13 touchdowns. So far this year Lance has 62 catches for 1,428 yards and 12 touchdowns—picking up 147 yards and two touchdowns just last Saturday against the Jets. In his first two seasons Alworth was not working against defenses as tough as he would have faced in the NFL, but in the past two seasons there has not been that much difference between the leagues. And Alworth has not had a Johnny Unitas throwing to him. He did have Tobin Rote, but in a fading period, and now he has John Hadl, who has become a clever quarterback but never will be chosen to illustrate a picture book of classic passers.

Alworth, moreover, managed his accomplishments of 1963 and 1964, both All-AFL years, without learning the moves that are to a pass receiver what feints are to a basketball player. He got by on his 9.6 speed and his sure hands. This year has been different. Lance has faced so much double coverage that he has been forced to resort to foolery. "The move gets me away from the first man," he says. "If there's a linebacker out there with me and he crowds me and

hits me, he can knock me off the pattern. But if he stands back a couple of yards he doesn't have a chance, because the only linebacker quick enough to do that and stay with me is Bobby Bell of Kansas City. I saw Bobby Bell almost catch Paul Lowe from behind once, and if he can do that to Lowe he can do it to me. Usually I can use a move to get away from the linebacker and then worry about the corner back. If there are two backs on me, John [Hadl] will spot it and throw to somebody who has single coverage. It's funny how I used to think a move was just a head fake. I'd run a square-out pattern and not even do a square-out, just kind of circle around, but the backs played me so loose I was open anyway. After studying films, I know better. Charlie Hennigan [of Houston] has the best moves in either league. Every step, he's doing something."

The receiver's most important task, obviously, is to catch the ball when it arrives. That requires concentration as well as touch. Alworth's only flaw is that he tends to become careless, which he admits, and not watch the ball into his hands or run out his patterns when he is not the primary receiver. Now Lance tries to catch a number of slant-in patterns early in the season. "If you catch those, when people are all around you, it means you're concentrating," he says. "I'm aware of the defensive backs, especially in practice, but if I can catch a slant-in and tuck the ball away it means I have a good grip on the ball. There's nearly always something there with a slant-in, an opening between the linebackers or the deep men, and you're running when you get the ball. For a while this year I was dropping the ball—more balls than I've dropped in my whole life—and I was afraid I'd lost it, like a golfer loses it, but it came back. An outside receiver needs quickness and hands. Lots of people have one or the other. I've been lucky."

Although he is devoting more care to his moves, Alworth does not run patterns as they are drawn on the board, and Gillman does not expect him to. The Chargers often throw the ball to a "breaking point"—a specific location on the field—and allow the receiver to arrive there however he thinks best. When the receiver is Alworth, he is frequently seen several feet off the ground, seemingly hanging in the air in a high, balletish

leap, while the defensive backs who went up with him are falling back to earth. That leap, that uncanny ability to hang, is as characteristic of Alworth as his grace or his speed. It is a knack that puzzles him. "I can't really jump very high when I try," he says. "In high school as a basketball player I could never cram the ball into the basket. But I have pictures of myself going up for rebounds with my hands above the rim. If I'm concentrating on the ball I don't realize how high up I've gone. A couple of us had a kicking contest with Sam Snead the other day and Snead kicked the top of a seven-foot door. He's 50 something, isn't he? I'm 24 and I couldn't kick anywhere near as high as he could."

Of course, there was no football at the top of that door. Going for a football, Alworth is magic. "Sometimes I jump when I don't need to, I guess," says Lance, "but one reason I jump is to get my body into the ball so it can't be knocked away, especially on third down. And when you're up in the air you don't get hit so hard. They sort of push you. If you're on the ground when you catch it, they pulverize you." Alworth flanks either right or left, usually to the strong side but occasionally to the weak. As a play begins he sometimes stands upright, hands on hips, right knee slightly bent and right foot back a few inches, head turned toward Hadl to hear the snap count and the audible. If there is one. Then he does a little dance step as he starts toward his rendezvous with the ball. But Alworth uses the upright stance only when the footing is uncertain. He prefers to move out from a sprinter's stance, digging hard off his right foot for acceleration, particularly on short patterns. He and Hadl have learned to anticipate each other by now, and their mutual respect has increased. "Lance is the best receiver I ever saw. He makes the clutch catches," says Hadl. "Football," Alworth says, "is recognition, and John can read defenses as well as the coaches can. He spends from four to six hours a day looking at films. He complains about it some. All of us complain about having so many meetings. We meet more than any team I ever heard of, but when the game comes every man knows what he is supposed to do, even though we don't always play like it. Sid Gillman is a fantastic person,

continued on page 82



CONNIE'S CLUB FOR HOMELESS GLITTERBUGS

There seemed to be no place left in Florida where a self-respecting millionaire could tie up his yacht. To fill this sorry gap, a diminutive and authentic southern belle, Connie Dinkler, has created the Palm Bay Club (above) in Miami

by ALFRED WRIGHT

A lot of people may not know it, but there has been a crying need for a decent place to stay in Florida. Suzy Knickerbocker, the columnist who is to international society what Walter Lippmann is to international politics, spelled out the problem earlier this year. "Palm Beach," she complained, "is Milwaukee now, and Miami Beach makes Palm Beach look chic. Palm Beach is no fun—just a lot of rusty, dusty people you have not even heard of who have chased the other people away. There's no place the Glitter Group can go. That's where Connie Dinkler is so important."

Cornelia Vandegaer Dinkler, originally out of New Orleans but now of Atlanta, started taking things into her own dainty hands about two years ago. Connie is married to Carling Dinkler Jr., president of the Dinkler hotel chain, whose offices are in Atlanta, but the two of them have been hanging around Miami, golfing and fishing, for years. For a while, they had this 65-foot diesel yacht, but it was more trouble than it was worth. It was too big for fishing, too slow for water skiing and too small for Connie and Carling and their four children and the children's friends. And there was always the problem of a good captain. As Connie says, "The most difficult people in the world are *cousins*."

OPENING DAY at the Palm Bay Club finds Connie Dinkler (right) in a festive mood as she welcomes guests to her novel seaport.





POOLSIDE BACKGAMMON is a cool diversion. Above: guests play while Connie kibitzes. Below: nationally ranked Karen Sussman (left) is one of an opening-day tennis foursome.



A CALYPSO BAND played all day and a rock 'n' roll group all night, and Kerim Van Dorand and Mary Obolensky (below, left) were among many who danced in the swimming pool.



CONNIE'S CLUB *continued*

yacht captains, French chefs and English nannies."

With all that in mind, the Dinklers and a bunch of other Glitterbugs were sitting around one day, trying to figure things out. What was needed, they decided, was a club that only the fun people could join. There would be a few tennis courts and a swimming pool and, of course, a marina where you could tie up your yacht.

That is how the Palm Bay Club was conceived. It actually was delivered to the world by Connie Dinkler last Fourth of July weekend on the western shore of Biscayne Bay, 65 miles south of Palm Beach and a couple of light years north of the Fontainebleau. The Glitter Group will not really arrive in force until this winter (in July most of its members were in Southampton and Newport or on somebody's yacht in Turkish waters). Even so, Connie was able to dig up a pretty good collection of fun people for the July sub-opening. Sir Sydney and Lady Oakes cabled from Nassau to hold up the ribbon-cutting ceremonies until they arrived. Bob and Rosemarie Stack jetted in from Hollywood. So did Jacques Bergerac, who has been married to Ginger Rogers and Dorothy Malone but is now between wives. Hugh O'Brane came from wherever he lives. Jack and Brownie McLean sailed their new boat down the inland waterway from Palm Beach and moored nearby, because the Palm Bay Club marina had not been dredged out yet. Pat and Marie Williams flew in from Dayton in their own private jet. Trish and Nicky Hilton would have been there but their invitation went astray, so they were stuck at Nicky's father's hotel in New York with nothing to do.

All that weekend Connie was in an absolute spin. She had eight Lincoln Continentals running back and forth from the airport picking up the latest arrivals.

Saturday night was the big night of the weekend. All day long there had been tennis matches between players like Vic Serav and Mike Green and Karen Sussman and her husband, Rod. Then, about 8:30 that night, Connie came into the main lounge of the club and, as she puts it, "All I could see was people. I thought to myself, this is my downfall. At last I've bitten off more than I can chew."

Chef William Houston served 380 roast-beef dinners that night out of the stainless-steel kitchen that Connie had

continued



Brand new reason to give a Kodak gift this Christmas:



Drop in
film...



pop on
flashecube...



flash...
flash...
flash...
flash!

Newest Kodak Instamatic Cameras with flashecube take 4 flash pictures without changing bulbs!

Now the most automatic of cameras do even more for you—give you *automatic flash* advance with the new rotating flashecube! Just pop a flashecube on these new precision KODAK INSTAMATIC Cameras and take four flash pictures without even touching a flashbulb. Pop on another and take four more. No more fussing with ordinary one-shot bulbs. No more missing pictures while you were busy changing bulbs. Now you're always ready for the next shot. See these finest of KODAK INSTAMATIC Cameras at your Kodak dealer's.

Superb precision camera with extra-fast 1/250 lens action shutter to 1/250, plus instant loading, automatic electric-eye exposure control, automatic flash exposure control and flashecube convenience. KODAK INSTAMATIC 704 Camera... less than \$105.

Most automatic of KODAK INSTAMATIC Cameras! This is the camera that does practically everything for you automatically. All the exciting features of the 704 plus motorized film advance, coupled rangefinder. KODAK INSTAMATIC 804 Camera... less than \$125.

Dependable as gravity, the KODAK CAROUSEL Projector is the finest color-slide projector. It works by gravity. Your slides drop gently into place from the famous round "long-play" tray. It is jamproof and spillproof. Won't embarrass you in mid-show. Choose from three models. KODAK CAROUSEL Projectors from less than \$80.

Prices subject to change without notice.



Kodak
—a trademark since 1888



Breakfast Italian style



The egg itself may be poached, fried, scrambled or boiled.

The wine must sparkle. With true Italian sparkle. The flavor must be natural. No sugar added to conceal an undeveloped grape.

Asti Gancia Spumante is such a wine.

Spumante tells you the wine is sparkling.

Asti tells you the grapes are grown in Italy's

lush northern vineyards.

Gancia tells you it is Italy's best-loved sparkling wine.

The first sip tells a lot more. Asti Gancia has all the lightness and gaiety of champagne. But without the price tag.

Next time you buy eggs, don't forget the Asti Gancia Spumante.

practically designed herself. The guests danced to the Road Runners rock 'n' roll group out on the terrace by the swimming pool, but you could not say that everything went perfectly. It never does on opening night. Connie, who had been driving herself at flank speed since she awoke some 36 hours earlier, had kept herself going throughout the day by jumping into the swimming pool a couple of times without bothering to take her clothes off, but with the party in full swing she decided a tranquilizer was the only thing that would do her any good. She took one and then told the bartender to make all the drinks doubles. "That way," she muttered, "the guests won't mind the confusion."

The next day was Sunday, and the tennis tournament was still going on, but Connie took a little spin in *Cash's Dorian*, the family's 25-foot Bertram, to get away from it all. When she got back to the dock she was herself again and called for some mushroom soup and champagne. Glitterbugs don't even look up at such moments. Later Connie awarded the trophies, and everyone agreed the Palm Bay Club had taken its first hesitant steps in a most promising manner.

So far, hardly a soul outside the Glitter Group would have given a thought to the Palm Bay Club had it not been for a nosy Miami reporter who in the fall of 1964 heard rumors of strange doings on

the western shore of Biscayne Bay. The reporter had a look and found Connie standing in a maharom of bulldozers, plasterers, carpenters and various types in hard tan hats carrying blueprints and tape measures. Connie paused long enough to explain to the reporter that the fixtures in the ladies' room would be gold-plated and the tennis courts air-conditioned. She added that she had "practically become an alcoholic" testing bar stools in the Miami area before she found the type she wanted.

In a way, it is a pity that the club had to be finished at all, for one of the fascinating sights provided by the International Jet Set this past spring was Connie Dinkler masterminding the building of the club, standing in her Capri pants and Pucci blouse, her silver-blond tresses waving in the trade winds while the rough-hewn types in the tin hats sweet-talked her through the mysteries of the building trade. "Hooney," one of them would say, draping a big hairy arm over her petite shoulders, "d'ya think we ought to run them ducts up through the basement peristalsis or over on the other side where the caplans break through the overstanchions?"

"What'll it cost?" Connie would ask, firing the beefy building man with her lovely blue-gray eyes.

"Can't just say right now, honey," the beefy one would reply, "but just let me

continued



CONNIE DINKLER congratulates Mrs. Vargil Moore, standing between Rebon Stack and Edward Rebonoff, after a night match on the brilliantly lit tennis court. Karen Swanson is at left.

Setsuko



JAL hostess Setsuko Maeda is proud of her doll collection—and indeed, dolls are one of the most delightful art forms of classic Japan. So is the gracious kind of hospitality Setsuko creates aboard your Jet Courier. In kimono she serves you Oriental delicacies and JAL's famous Continental cuisine...pampers you with traditional Japanese service.

Fly with Setsuko to Japan, the Orient, and on to Europe, with a choice of 17 flights every week. All fly via Hawaii, where you may stop over at no extra fare on Japan Air Lines...the calm bounty of Japan at almost the speed of sound.



JAPAN AIR LINES

Choose from 17 weekly DC-8 flights to Tokyo via Hawaii from Los Angeles or San Francisco. See your travel agent for reservations.



"Give Him Dunhill Before I Do!"

For the man with drive,
"Toumoucaet" by Dunhill,
of course.
After Shave and Cologne
in gift box, \$7.00.
Also individually boxed.
All fine stores everywhere.

© 1984 B&W T. BUREAU OF ADVERTISING, INC. N.Y. N.Y.

NICEST THING TO EVER COME BETWEEN TWO HOMES...



United Van Lines "PRE-PLANNED" MOVING SERVICE

Moving day just isn't the same once United came along. We've cut the detail work down to comfortable size... removed concern about relocations with exclusive Sanitized® vans... even provided a source for friendly advice on

personal moving problems. (Ask for Betty Makore's Consultant Service). No moving day just isn't the same with United... and aren't you glad? For a free estimate we're easy to find in the Yellow Pages.

MOVING WITH CARE... EVERYWHERE.

Circle 1 on Reader Service

CONNIE'S CLUB *continued*

worry about that. The main thing is we gotta know whether to order the lever-fillings to go with the winches if we're gonna run them out that way."

"Bring me the cost sheets and we'll decide when we see the figures," Connie would say, grabbing a phone with her free hand and telling the operator to get her the man at the carpet factory in Atlanta and the man down at city hall in charge of the easements and the lawyer and quick. Between commands and sugary southern entreaties and swinging her shapely little figure, Connie might suddenly turn to someone nearby and drawl,



IN FISHNET holding her Mr. Ambrosius' release in the former beauty-sweeping pose

"Isn't it time we broke out something cool to calm our nerves? How 'bout just a little glass of champagne to break the heat of the day?"

What Connie Dinkler finally created is so quietly elegant and apropos that one might not even know it is sitting there just a few hundred yards from all the secondhand car lots and cut-rate beauty parlors that line U.S. Highway No. 1. Entering through the white brick columns guarding the entrance, one slips up the curving driveway between rows of palms, past a parking lot that never seems to contain anything less awesome than a Ferrari or Hotrod. Passing a couple of stucco utility buildings, one arrives at the covered portico, which is so soft-spokenly aristocratic it could easily serve as the backdrop for a perfume advertisement in *The New Yorker*.

continued



Now. Rum in a new light!

Ronrico is lighter than any rum you ever tasted. In fact, it's Puerto Rico's lightest. Yet it gives you all the flavor you could ask for. So ask for it. And then make a couple of daiquiris. One for you. And one for the light of your life.

RONRICO

General Wine and Spirits Company, N.Y.C., 80 Proof

Hark!

**Arrow now
tailors
sport shirts
of fabled
English Viyella.**

**And only
Arrow
has them
in exact
sleeve sizes.**

Authentic English Viyella.
55% pedigreed wool, 45% long
staple cotton. Soft, warm, light,
extremely long-wearing. If it shrinks,
we replace. With tuck-in shirttails and
adjustable cuffs. Sleeve sizes 32 to 36
for precise "dress shirt" fit. Choose from
22 exciting plaids at \$18.95. Or 18 bold
solids at \$14.95. At the good stores.

-ARROW-

Shirts • Sportswear • Pajamas • Underwear • Boys' Wear • Lady Arrow



In the reception hall the muted good taste prevails despite such necessary functionalism as a reception and registration desk. The glass walls are deeply tinted to ward off the Florida sun one has traveled so many thousands of miles to enjoy. The interiors are in soothing deep browns and avocado greens. A magnificent 15th century Spanish breakfront houses the club trophies. Tucked into a corner of the dining room-sitting room is a bar of polished slate inlaid with teakwood.

Beyond the tinted glass doors are the swimming pool and the three tennis courts and beyond that the nine-story, black-on-white high-rise with its 65 condominium apartments and, adjoining that, the yacht marina. Overlooking it all is a 13-story, white-on-yellow high-rise apartment house—no part of the Palm Bay Club, of course, but still a building that dominates the scene in much the way some overprotective mothers hover over their offspring at dancing school.

The marina is worth more than a mention, for it will be the pulse of life at Palm Bay. When finally completed it will take 50 yachts of just about any draft less than that of an aircraft carrier at the modest rental of 15¢ a foot per day. Some Palm Bay Club members—Leon and Carola Mandel, for example—have yachts that nearly scrape bottom in mid-Atlantic, so it has taken months to complete the dredging beneath the 13 acres of Biscayne Bay that belong to the club.

If the marina is the pulse, then the three tennis courts must be considered the heartbeat of Palm Bay life. Tennis is the game that knits together the sort of people who will be descending on Palm Bay by yacht and Cadillac. It is to the Giltier Group what drawing-room repartee was to the toffs of the 18th century. At the Palm Bay Club and a few dozen similar sunny places where the Group gathers, there are always these well-made athletic men of young-to-middle age and their splendidly turned young ladies. Not too many of the men are ever seen with their wives, if they have them. The girls are unmarried and alluring. All day long they wear their white, closely tailored tennis clothes, playing in them, eating in them, drinking in them until it is time to change into their blinding sports jackets and slacks and their jewels for the evening on the town. So far as anyone knows, they have no homes of their own. They

continued



Of the big 3, Keystone is the only Super-8 movie camera with power controlled zoom for as little as \$119⁹⁵



Kodak and Bell & Howell make fine Super-8 movie cameras. But they just don't make one with power controlled zoom for less than \$200, Keystone does. The K-620 Auto-Instant. Only \$119.95, manufacturer's suggested list.

Power controlled zoom is the only way you can be guaranteed of smooth, professional looking zoom shots—from wide angle to close-ups and back again; insures the correct zooming speed for steady sharp movies.

Consider these features. You are assured of perfectly exposed movies with Keystone Sensitron Cds "behind-the-lens" electric eye system. A camera that never needs winding; electric motor drive does it for you automatically. Lightning-fast Super-8 loading. Just snap in a cartridge and shoot 50 continuous feet of film. No threading. No film change-

over. Completely automatic. Brilliant indoor and outdoor movies will be yours with built-in automatic adjusting "A" filter and fast f1.8 zoom lens.

Be sure to see the Keystone Auto-Instant Super-8 projector featuring Automatic "reel-to-reel" threading and High-Light slow motion. Under \$150. Other



Keystone Auto-Instant Super-8 cameras and projectors start at \$75. Camera prices do not include pistol grip. Add \$10.

*Kodak, Bell & Howell, Keystone

KEYSTONE
KEYSTONE CAMERA CO., INC. BOSTON, MASS.

English Leather®



the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION \$2.00, \$3.50, \$6.50
 the ALL-PURPOSE SPRAY LOTION \$5.00 (refill \$2.00)
 the SHAVING CREAM, \$2.00 the PRE-SHAVE LOTION, \$1.50
 the ALL-PURPOSE POWDER, \$1.50 the DEODORANT STICK \$1.00
 the AEROSOL DEODORANT, \$1.50 the SHOWER SOAP ON A CORD, \$2.00
 GIFT SETS from \$3.00 to \$18.00

SMC MEM COMPANY, INC. 347 Fifth Avenue, New York

Buying Life Insurance?

Put a computer to work for you

Your Mutual Benefit agent can take the information you give him and put it into an electronic computer. The result is an impartial set of answers to your specific problems. This helps both of you to evaluate your goals, develop a plan to meet them, and alter it when needed.

This service is one of the reasons why we feel that, dollar for dollar, you cannot match the combination of benefits, safeguards and guarantees—plus performance and service—that Mutual Benefit gives you. High quality insurance at low net cost.

For the complete story, write today for our new free brochure, "A Special Kind of Life Insurance." Better yet, call your Mutual Benefit agent.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY NEWARK, NEW JERSEY SINCE 1845

CONNIE'S CLUB

eat their meals at clubs and restaurants. They sleep in rooms for transients. They talk endlessly on the telephone, particularly in public places. The men earnestly discuss business deals. Their money materializes magically without visible drudgery. It is for these handsome people that the Palm Bay Clubs of the world exist.

It was fitting, then, that the fate of the Palm Bay Club should have been decided by a crisis over the tennis courts. Connie Dinkler wanted them to be air-conditioned because once, on a trip to Palm Springs, she had seen a sunken, air-conditioned court in the backyard of a rich chain-saw magnate. In the early stages of Palm Bay's construction, when the bulldozers were excavating below the surface to install the air conditioning for the courts, they struck an abandoned seagull. So there was no place to put the air conditioners. Nonetheless, Connie still wanted the best courts she could buy, with or without air conditioning, so she found a firm in New York that produces a green surface called cork turf. It bounces the ball like grass, dries in 25 minutes and is as easy to maintain as cement. It is expensive, though, and Connie spent \$46,000 on her three tennis courts before she was through. "I don't know mediocrity," she explained.

Up until that point, the Palm Bay Club had been the joint venture of Connie Dinkler and a darkly handsome, middle-aged man named Walter Troutman, who is familiar to the readers of gossip columns as the midnight escort of beautiful movie ladies. Walter and Connie had originally agreed to go halves on the club when the proposition was still in the dream stage. As construction progressed, Walter felt Connie was pouring too much money into polished slate bars and gold fixtures and cork turf, and the difference of opinion finally came to a head over the tennis courts. So Connie phoned her banker and made arrangements to buy out Walter's share, including his penthouse on top of the condominium apartments that goes on for room after room after room with sunken bathtubs and a terrace almost large enough for another couple of tennis courts in case the first three get too crowded. To make her point about the kind of place she wanted, Connie went ahead and lighted one of the courts for night tennis with twice the candlepower

Avis is only No.2. But we don't want your sympathy.



It hasn't come to this.

Have we been crying too much? Have we overplayed the underdog?

We didn't think so till David Biener, 11 years old, sent us 35¢, saying, "It may help you buy another Plymouth."

That was an eye-opener.

So now we'd like to correct the false impression we've made.

We don't want you to rent Avis cars because you feel sorry for us. All we want is a chance to prove that a No.2 can be just as good as a No.1. Or even better. Because we have to try harder.

Maybe we ought to eliminate the negative and accentuate the positive.

Instead of saying "We're only No.2 in rent a cars," we could say "We're the second largest in the world."



Tiffany Eubank
won't without her
Green Stripe



Gift
wrapped
in
plaid
stripes



It's the first
civilized Scotch, you know.

In 1853 Andrew Usher made the first blended Scotch—the first civilized Scotch. It was light and smooth. A lot of other distillers copied Usher's Green Stripe. But nobody ever quite made it. Don't do anything without your Green Stripe. **IMPORTED... BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND**

Usher's Green Stripe, Blended Scotch Whisky, 50 & 750 ml.
The J.M. Gairdner Co., New York, N.Y. © 1985

CONNIE'S CLUB *continued*

deemed necessary for the likes of Pancho Gonzales and Rod Laver. On a clear night you can read the stock quotations in *The Miami Herald* on the center court.

To keep out the creeps that might be attracted to such a place, the original invitations to join were mailed to the thousand or so people on the Dinklers' Christmas card list, and already 1,400 have sent in their annual dues, which are moderate—\$100 for local family membership, \$50 for out-of-towners. The local members include the mayor and some right-thinking politicians and Miami bankers and whatnot. The top dressing, though, is an indisputable who's who of the Glister Group. There are Bill Leeds, the tinplate heir, Alberto Bascaris, the rum heir, and the Cornell Wildes and Fess Parker and Eva Gaber and her husband, Dick Brown, and a whole bunch of people from Dallas. A lot of these have gobbled up the condominiums at anywhere from \$19,000 for a one-room studio apartment to \$42,000 for the two-bedroom and sitting room variety to upwards of \$100,000 for one of the penthouses with their four bedrooms and 3,000 feet of floor space.

At that price the owner gets a life membership in the Palm Bay Club and a 10% discount on things like yacht moorings. The casual visitor can rent one of the 36 transient rooms for \$25 a day or a studio apartment on the bay for \$35. In Miami those are bargain-basement rates, but the main thing is you get none of the creeps and the riffraff.

Connie Dunkler has no expectation of getting her \$4 million back for a long time—probably about 20 years. She hardly needs it. Not long ago Carling ("Junior," as Connie calls him) sold the family hotel business to a holding company for an estimated \$22 million. All but 7-year-old Kendel, the youngest of their four children, are either married or away at school and college. Carling, who is a wiry and energetic man in his mid-40s, can commute back and forth from his office in Atlanta, keeping a car at both airports.

Anyone who wants to see Connie touring through life like a tropical hurricane will find her this winter bursting unexpectedly through doors at the Palm Bay Club, battling mediocrity. So far, she has been successful. "Connie," one of her friends told her recently, "you have created the \$141 state."

END



Blast off in a **Bronco!**

NEW 4-WHEEL DRIVE—Bronco adds excitement to the going, wherever you go: through the woods for hunting, up to streamside for fishing, through snow in winter, over beach in summer. Lots of oomph from a smooth six-cylinder powerplant and 4-wheel traction make it possible. Transmission is fully synchronized; you can downshift without stopping. Mono-Beam suspension with big radius rods makes coil springs practical—result—Bronco rides smoothly as a sedan. But how many sedans turn in a 34-foot circle? Or boast a protected underside? Try the Roadster, Wagon, or Sports Utility for a special kind of driving fun—on or off the road. At your Ford dealer's now.



New
fun one
from **Ford**

Miller High Life

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

Hint for holiday hosts: add the sparkle of special lightness . . . the flavor of old-world excellence . . . and the distinctive goodness of Miller High Life beer to your holiday season! You and your friends will enjoy the extra measure of pleasure found only in the quality of Miller High Life — quality unequalled, unquestioned, unchanging!

Sparkling
flavorful
distinctive



Created only in Milwaukee for 110 years!



Before gripping club, relax shoulders so that the arms hang loosely at each side.



FRANK BOLDEN

At address, your arms remain relaxed, with the flat inside of each elbow turned inward.

GOLF/Jack Nicklaus

Cure for a stiff arm

The well-executed golf swing is an athletic movement so filled with unnatural twists and turns that any chance to make it more natural should be eagerly seized upon. The position of the elbows at address offers a perfect illustration of what I mean. I know that some golfers think the elbows should be pressed toward each other as if wrapped in a giant rubber band, and that others vigorously twist their arms

so that the elbow points are aiming at their belt buckle and their arm muscles are coiled like chunks of rope. This kind of rigidity may be all right for a man who knows exactly what he is doing. In fact, Gary Player always sets himself up this way. But most players attempting this will end up with too much tension, a stiff swing and a poor shot. What I try to do is keep my arms supple at address, let them feel natural. You can do this, too, if you will go through a regular routine until it becomes habit. Start by relaxing your shoulders so that they even droop somewhat. Then drop your arms to your sides so that they hang in a natural position. Finally, simply reach out and take your grip on the club. Your elbows will then remain in the same relative position they were in while hanging loosely at your sides, and your arms will be free of unnecessary, unwanted tension.



BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Two teams that had their Irish up

The Netherlands, which will represent Europe in the next World Bridge Championship, was not the only small country to do well in the recent European championships. Ireland, which for years had been entering both a women's team and an open team with no real hope of finishing close to the top in either class, scored a success second only to victory. Not only did both teams finish well up in the ranking, they both defeated Great Britain in matches that had much to do with knocking the English out of the lead.

The Irish open team was led by Jack Kelly, who, in addition to being a fine player, is one of Europe's leading bridge journalists. I am indebted to him for drawing my attention to a most unusual playing situation.

*Neither side vulnerable
North dealer*

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
2♥	PASS	2 N.T.	PASS
3♥	PASS	3 N.T.	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 5 of diamonds

You will notice that East and West each holds 12 cards and one question mark. This is part of the problem. Each has another club. One has the jack, the other the 7. But, as sometimes happens if you have nightmares about bridge, no matter which way you guess, the jack will be held by the other player. In other words, to make this hand, you've got to play it so that it won't matter which opponent has the jack.

But first a word about the bidding. North's hand is considerably short of opening two-bid quality on this side of the Atlantic, but it qualifies as a two-bid in the Acol system, which is widely used in the British Isles. The two-bid is forcing for only one round and a simple rebid of the same suit may be passed. Many players using Standard American also allow partner to pass if the opening two-bidder merely rebids his suit after a two-no-trump response. In this deal South found his dislike of the heart suit and his strength in the two minor suits sufficient reason to carry the bidding to three no trump.

East won his partner's opening diamond lead with the ace and returned the 8, covered by the 9 and won by the jack. West shifted to the queen of clubs, and it is now time for you to plan your play—knowing that the pesky jack of clubs is going to be offside no matter which way you guess it.

If you could make four heart tricks by means of an end play, it would give you nine tricks even though you were able to win only two tricks in clubs. But you cannot play the hand at double-dummy—that is, looking at all 52 cards. You are just trying to win the hand against any distribution of the unknown cards, given the first three tricks as they were played.

Give up? The solution is tricky but unbeatable. Play dummy's king of clubs on the queen and overtake it with your ace! Now lead the 10 of diamonds to force out West's king. It doesn't matter what West shifts to, nor does it matter who holds the club jack. You win the shift to a heart, for example, with dummy's king, lead the 9 of clubs and overtake it with the 10. Either the 10 of clubs on this trick or the 8 of clubs on the next round of the suit gives you a sure reentry to your good diamonds. The opponents can take only three diamonds and one club trick before you are able to win two diamonds, two clubs, two hearts and three spades. And that's that. Just a routine, ho-hum play you see once every thousand years.

END

A black and white photograph of a man from the chest down, wearing a dark tweed jacket over a light-colored shirt and a striped tie. He is holding a mallet in his right hand, which is positioned near the bottom center of the frame. The background is dark and out of focus.

Body English

You get a lot
of it in this
British-styled jacket

by
**HART
SCHAFFNER
& MARX**

You can look correctly British without leaving home. Put on this tweed jacket. See the English accents. Generous side vents. Slanted hacking pockets. Handy ticket pocket. Finally, note how the slightly curved-in waistline gives you a more slender look.

This robust tweed has a soft touch. Rests

heather-light on your shoulders. It's tailored by Hart Schaffner & Marx in the noblest sport coat tradition.

Notice how the pattern matches at seams. Result of the tailor's precise "underbasting." All parts are first joined with soft white thread for exact placement. Then finally sewn

with hundreds of tiny stitches. Later, the basting thread is removed. On the outside it seems like there's no seam at all. The look you buy is the look you keep.

Get in shape this Fall in a British-styled jacket by Hart Schaffner & Marx. Jolly good show!





Who beat Goldfinger to Fort Knox?

Strangely enough, we did!

American industry, dynamically expanding abroad, American military might, defending democracy around the world, America helping our world neighbors and future trading partners to get on their feet economically.

These are just some of the ways we spend money overseas, all for good purposes. Yet, when we spend more abroad than we receive from abroad, we have a balance-of-payments deficit.

Foreign countries can demand gold for their dollars. And they get it. Immediately. Without question.

For the American dollar is as good as gold.

To keep it that way, President Johnson, our government, our businessmen and bankers are already working to eliminate our balance-of-payments deficit by reducing our loans and expenditures abroad. Behind their efforts is the most productive and effi-

cient economy in the world.

"Let no one doubt it," said the President, "we will eliminate our international deficit... This is a problem that involves all of us. I know the American public will respond in full measure to the challenge."

What can you do? First, get the facts. For free booklet, "Keeping the American Dollar Strong," write: "Good as Gold," Dept. of Comm., Washington, D.C.



It's a bit of a drive from Liverpool to Newmarket, but nevertheless there was **Ringo Starr**, M.R.E. and everything, mingling with the snooty at Tattersalls' December Bloodstock Sales. Never before evincing particular interest in racing, the Beatles' drummer was taking in the top-drawer people more than the horseflesh, yet neither made a lasting impression. He hummed Ringo, potting a yawn before popping off in a ruddy red Rolls-Royce: "I don't know anything about horses, and I don't intend to get one. The only thing that'll make me remember the sales is that I got up at 9 a.m. to get here."

The fact that they were loitering self-consciously around the Davis Cup in Sydney, Australia did not mean they had won it; it did not even mean they knew very much about tennis. In fact, the most charitable thing to be said was that **Jack Nicklaus** (*below, right*) and **Mark McCormack**, the legal brain of millionaire athletes (*below, left*), had played a set or two on the White City Courts where the Davis Cup Challenge Round between Spain and Australia will take place later this month. And if they didn't look like much more

than a golfer and his lawyer, one had to make allowances. As one of the local papers pointed out, they were, after all, the only Americans who would be seen on the center court at White City this year.

Author **Nelson Algren** had promised to come all the way to Kansas City, Mo. next spring to talk about his craft, and that called for something real special. Casting about for ideas, his hosts wondered if maybe he wouldn't like to drop by Harry Truman's while he was in the neighborhood. Or—say, good idea—how about a nice visit with artist **Thomas Hart Benton**? All very thoughtful, truly it was, Algren wrote back, but would anybody mind terribly if he made a suggestion himself? What would really please him, he said, would be a couple of hours set aside to chew the fat with baseball's ageless pitcher, **Satchel Paige**.

Pretend you're going to dribble to your left. And pretend you're going to dribble to your right. And if you keep it up long enough it won't get you very far in basketball but, promises **Oscar Robertson** on his new rock 'n' roll record, you'll be able

to dance something called **The Big O**. The dance, the song, the whole thing is the concoction of some Cincinnati musicians who find the Royals' **Robertson** an inspiration. But it hasn't turned his bashful head. "I don't think it's a hit yet," says **The Big O**, mildly.

When **Leo Durocher** went off to manage the Chicago Cubs, a spot opened up in California for the Angels' **Jimmy Piersall**—on Durocher's old call-in radio show. That brings **Outfielder Piersall's** jobs to three (the sell paper, too, in the off season). "When you've got nine kids, you've got to keep busy," said **Piersall** redundantly.

The problems besetting **TV's Dr. Kildare** (a pool-hall habitué with heart trouble) is done in by a spurnment made for turgid melodrama, but the pool was cool. Thanks for that belong to **Leading Man Fred Astaire**, who, being as nimble with a cue stick as he is with a walking cane, insisted there be no fakery or cutaway shots from the time he hit the ball until it plopped in a pocket. "I wanted to be authentic, so we had to show the execution of the shot, the follow-through and the progress of the ball," said **Astaire**, not noticeably disinterested with the final effect. "I'd say we did the best thing ever done on pool."

Back in Washington again after a tour of duty, at home, France's new ambassador, **Charles Lacet**, was ready to pick up American baseball where he had left off six years ago. At that time he played with other diplomats and military men, he explained, and although "I'm not an athlete and never got a home run, I did have a few singles." How about football? somebody wanted to know. Ah, yes, **Lacet** said the ambassador, with a wave of his hand. "I don't understand its rules."

Bill Sharman learned a lot of things from **Bob Cousy** when they both played basketball for

the Boston Celtics—not the least of which was that **Cousy** could beat him six ways to Sunday on the golf course. He did not give up, however, and now his persistence has paid off: **Sharman** is vice-president, secretary and general manager of a corporation taking over **Palm Desert Golf Club** in California. For sale: memberships, ranging in price up to \$4,000.

You know how it is, being a big movie star. Somebody always wanting to be friends. **Cosmo Philippe de La Fayette**, a descendant of our general, tried that on **Peter O'Toole** in a Paris discothèque, thinking he knew the Irishman from somewhere. Strictly from nowhere, judging from **O'Toole's** reaction, which was to apply the boxing techniques he sometimes practices at home—where, in fact, he was photographed (*below*) just the other day by fellow actor **Peter Sellers**. Laying one or more punches upon the count's countenance, **O'Toole** wrapped up the proceedings butting the fellow in the face. **La Fayette** said he might just charge his old pal with willful assault. Nonsense; the count is a gentleman, said **O'Toole**, so why not settle the thing like—well, like gentlemen.





Mr. Muirhead brings
it over in barrels*
to save you up
to \$2 a fifth.

*you save on taxes

and shipping costs

MUIRHEAD'S
LIGHT-LIGHT SCOTCH

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 80 & 85 PROOF. DIS-
TRIBUTED BY MUNSON & ROBBINS, INC., N. Y.



**Situation well in
hand**



(Perfect Pictures,
Automatically. Anywhere!)

Handy OLYMPUS pens have won favor with over two million globe-trotters. It figures. They're half the weight and size of old fashioned cameras. And they shoot twice the number of photos or slides on the same roll of standard 35mm film! You're always ready for that once-in-a-lifetime picture when you slip a pen in pocket or purse. A wide range of models!

PEN-EE: Fully automatic. Electric eye adjusts exposure, locks shutter against too much or too little light (Olympus PEN - No-Go! feature). With need-to-sharp 28mm F5.5 lens. Full flash synchronization. Optional mirror control. Under \$50, plus case. PEN-EE5: same automated features, with 30mm F2.8 lens; zone focusing. Under \$60.

OLYMPUS PEN-EE

OLYMPUS, INC. 1000 KANAWHA DRIVE, SUITE 100, OREGON, ORE. 97146
OLYMPUS CORPORATION OF AMERICA
100 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

OLYMPUS CORPORATION OF AMERICA

100 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

SKIING / Paul Stewart

A sport in which it pays to have the shorts

Shorter skis mean faster learning, say their proponents, and sales are climbing—but traditionalists call them unsuitable for serious skiers

Whenever the Warren Millers and John Jays need a comedy routine for their ski movies they splice in some footage of wobbly, first-time skiers tripping over their 7-foot skis. If ski instructors and manufacturers have their way, the ski-movie moguls soon may have to look elsewhere for their gags. From the Alps to the Pacific Cascades, there is a trend to shorter, more maneuverable skis, particularly for beginning skiers, who may later step up to longer skis, but not so long as the ones most skiers now use. The short ski, measuring from 5 to 6 feet, is proving so useful that many an experienced skier is also reconsidering the length of his old favorites.

The rule of thumb that a ski should be measured from the floor to the palm of the upraised arm is a relic of the days of hickory skis and overrotated turns, and this shopworn standard will soon be as

dated as baggy pants and rope tows. Height, weight, physical condition and even age are all factors to be considered in selecting skis.

"A 210-centimeter [6 feet 11] ski is much too long for beginners," says Professor Stefan Kruckenhauser of St. Christoph, Austria, the man who formulated the modern Austrian ski technique. "In my opinion, beginners should use a ski only 150 centimeters [4 feet 11] long. One can learn to ski parallel very quickly, and there are fewer injuries with a shorter ski." The short-ski concept has been successfully tested at the Karl Koller Ski School in Kitzbühel for the last 15 years.

But why use longer skis at all? Racers, instructors and advanced recreational skiers all need longer skis for stability at higher speeds. Racers, for example, use skis more than 7 feet long for downhill

continued



Allen



We're not sure we can afford
any more help like Andy's.

There he stood, asking for 70 million dollars to change all our jets.

We'd just bought them and business was fine, but business seems to be beneath people in Engineering.

"If we changed to fan-jets we'd take off 30% faster than anybody..."

It must be nice, being an engineer.

(It isn't the engineers who have to tell the stockholders you're spending 10 years' profits.)

But what got us was that way engineers have of arguing. "Gentlemen, don't we *want* more power?"

And that, of course, put the real question right in our lap. Were we in

the flying business or the saving money business?

So, we did it. 5 years ago. And looking back, we wonder why the decision was so hard to make at the time.

Still, most airlines didn't see it this way at all.

Did they, Andy?

American Airlines

Bourbon Aimed to Hit the Hole

by
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.,
President

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Back in the nineties, transportation in the South was scarce, and my Uncle John, a traveling man, often rode any way he could.

One evening he missed the Southern out of Somerset, Kentucky, but persuaded the engineer of a passing freight to let him ride the cab. Climbing aboard, too, was a farm boy who was taking his first trip by train.

Here the Southern winds through Sloan's Valley, headed for the Cumberlands. Perched in the cab, swaying from side to side and scared out of his wits, the new traveler gazed ahead at an approaching tunnel. As it came closer and closer, he clutched the engineer's arm and yelled, "For God's sake, Cap'n, don't miss that hole!"

For many years now there has existed a gaping void in Bourbon which no distiller has yet been able to fill—namely, a genuine old-time sour mash of vintage age and persistence of flavor, yet gentled to the milder strength preferred by many.

Our family distillery has purposefully delayed venturing into this field until certain we could safely "bit the hole".

With sufficient stocks of 8-year-old Bourbon now aging in our rich houses, we are finally and firmly on the track, and can provide our customers with a great deal more than heretofore offered by "competitors".

Today our famous OLD FITZGERALD, an exclusive in the Bonded field for generations, is now marketed also at a mild 86.8 proof and at 8 years old. Even its name, OLD FITZGERALD PRIME STRAIGHT, gives indication of our intended purpose, which is to offer the mildest, yet most delicious, straight Bourbon ever put into glass. You will find no whiskey ever tasted quite so good.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
86.8 and Bonded 100 Proof

SKIING continued

competition. What the salesman in the shop neglects to tell the novice is that top skiers are so strong they could have wheeled on the 12-footers used by Snowshoe Thomson to deliver the mail in the California Sierras during the 1860s.

Since Snowshoe's time, the length of skis has steadily shrunk. Today the expert recreational skier is using a ski six inches shorter than he would have used 10 years ago. Pete Selbert, general manager at Vail, Colo. and one of the strongest skiers in the Rockies, believes shorter skis are safer and much easier to handle. "I have switched from a 7-foot 3-inch ski to a 7-footer myself," he says.

Not everyone believes in short skis. "We are certainly not going to push them in the Aspen Ski School," says Director Curt Chase. "A good instructor can teach a beginner to seem in three or four days. How much faster can you go?" Chase concedes shorter skis might speed up the learning process a bit, but not enough to warrant a change in the school's curriculum. There is no demand for them, according to Chase. "We gave 60,000 lessons in our ski school last year, and not more than half a dozen asked for a shorter ski," he says.

Former Olympic Race Jack Nagel of Crystal Mountain, Wash. has been recommending shorter lengths for beginners for the past seven or eight seasons. He prefers to bring his pupils along to a point where they are just about ready to ski parallel before putting them on the longer skis.

The holdup on short skis is partially an economic one. "You cannot honestly tell a skier to buy a 5-footer ski costing \$100 or more if you believe he will require a longer ski costing \$100 or more when his skill increases," says Nagel. "Ideally, we suggest that skiers rent the 5-footers for the first few times out and move on later to a ski that suits their skiing skills."

Skis Manufacturer Howard Head not only says the short ski has a place in the learning procedure but calls it the perfect antidote for the ski-school dropout and the middle-aged doctor. The Head handbook is effusive on the subject of short skis. "Here is the amenable, under-size ski that gives you 10 times the fun for one-tenth the effort. Be more mature, less daring, less dedicated, casual about your technique," the book urges. "Even spend some winter weekends at home."

"We are selling more and more short

skis," says Head. "Our Shortski model is wider and has less camber than our Standard. It drifts through a turn, it doesn't carve a track." Head's smallest Shortski is 4 feet 11 inches. The Shortski, Head points out, is not a ski for children. They should have more flexible, shorter versions of the Standard.

There are things short skis will not do. They are no easier to maneuver in deep powder than long skis (less flotation). They do not hold as well on steep, icy slopes and they do not provide as stable a ride over rough moguled terrain.

These are factors that keep the sport's conservatives from endorsing shorter skis. But what really bugs the Old Guard are the short skis prescribed by a Vermont ski instructor named Cliff Taylor. He makes skis that are only 33 inches long as well as 4- and 5-footers. Taylor banstorms across the country selling his little skis with the fervor of a medicine-show man, claiming they will have you parallel in one day of skiing. He has written two books on his short-short-skis technique, *Instant Skiing* and *Ski Parallel in a Day*. In Hightstown, N.J., where Taylor teaches, his advice is, "Simply twist your feet to turn your skis."

His critics agree. In fact, they say if you wiggle your ears, the skis will turn—and that is the problem. Short-short skis are too tricky for beginners on all but easy, packed slopes. Dave McCoy of Mammoth Mountain, Calif., one of America's most respected ski coaches, feels it takes a good skier to handle them. "In deep snow they are a stiff, tough ride."

Walter Foeger of Jay Peak, Vt. says the real short skis should be banned by law. At Petersburg Pass, N.Y., Bill Haskins, an expert on short-short skis, says their lack of front-and-rear stability will somewhat most skiers over the tips in deep snow. Howard Head is skeptical of the idea of a short-short ski. "A play ski," he terms it.

Taylor disagrees. "For powder or deep snow use my 4-foot skis," he says. "On glare ice the 33-inchers bite into the boiler plate like a skate, because the weight of a skier is concentrated on a short-edge length. Only racers really need 7-footers."

"What about the skier who still steers or snowplows his way down the mountain after 10 years of skiing?" Taylor asks. "He must be doing something wrong."

END

Take a good close look at all the services you can get only at a Full Service Bank



Examine the assortment of services you get only at a Full Service Bank. Checking accounts and savings accounts, of course. But all kinds of loans as well—education loans, vacation loans, farm loans; loans for almost any purpose. Not to mention safe deposit boxes, credit references, estate planning, trusts. And more. All collected and protected in one place—a Full Service Bank. No other kind of place can say the same.

Furthermore, you just feel better in a bank.

Day in, year out, you're better off in a Full Service Bank—where you get full service for your money.



"The place where you keep your checking account."

Two seconds

with the all-new Argus instant-



And there's no wrong way to do it. This is the camera that ends all the guessing and fiddling. All? *All.*

Just drop in the Kodapak movie film cartridge and shoot.

The Argus 822 is as simple and as foolproof as a movie camera can be.

But you'll like it for a completely different reason: Because it's so versatile. It can do just about

everything but position your subjects for you.

You start with the clearest, brightest home movies you ever saw.

Then you begin adding professional-caliber "special effects" to every foot

of film you shoot.

And you'll have fun shooting! Here's why:

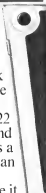
Remote control feature lets you star in the very same movies you shoot.

DataScope Viewfinder shows you what your lens sees during filming.

Automatic Electric Eye guarantees you a perfect exposure every time.

Special Filter System "tells" the camera automatically when you change from indoor to outdoor shooting, or vice versa.

Wide Angle and Telephoto



you're loaded

loading Super Eight Movie Camera.

converter lenses, rugged carrying case and many other accessories are available.

Unique Keyboard Console adds Hollywood-style "special effects", like Slow Motion and Electric Zooms.

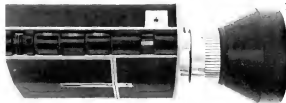


You've never seen so many exciting features built into any one camera.

And the sleek, no-nonsense lines of the Argus 822 are so smoothly professional-looking, you'll be proud just to carry it!

Here's the surprise:

The whole shooting match is under \$200.



To show off your perfect Argus movies you'll want the perfect Super Eight Projector. It's the all-new Argus Showmaster 872.

This one threads itself automatically, so all you do is flip the switch and sit back for home movies as trouble-free as the ones you see downtown. Less than \$125.

Both of these beauties are at your camera dealer's right now.



And remember this: Like all Argus products they are covered by that incredible Argus unconditional guarantee. It protects you for one full year,

not just from "defective materials and workmanship" but from everything, including kids, dogs and accidents.

argus
CORPORATION NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J. 08901



Sailing downwind in a nice, cozy yacht club

An electric fan, a tank of water, soda straws, cellophane and lots of imagination are ample ingredients for a lively winter of sailboat racing, with no necessity whatever to go out in a boat on the frosty seas

When winter's winds begin to blow, some racing sailors head south to sample the *dasquis* on the southern circuit or the lazy run from Los Angeles to Acapulco. Others gird themselves in quilted long johns, launch their 12-foot dinghies into the ice floes of Long Island Sound and grimly pretend to enjoy the rigors of frostbiting. A third group just sits around the yacht club, playing gin and wishing it were spring again.

It was from the seasonal frustration of such a group at Long Island's Sea Cliff Yacht Club one grisly evening two winters ago that the brisk competition shown at the left was born. Unable to join the southern migration, unwilling to go out on the water, these disenchanted sailors got to doodling with matchsticks, soda straws, bits of cardboard and the like. Before they knew it they had a fleet of sailboats.

Racing sailors being what they are, the urge to pit one boat against another was instant and predictable. Some baking pans were commandeered from the Sea Cliff club galley and filled with water to serve as miniature bays. The lungs of the assembled members were pressed into service to whistle up a wind, and the first of the Downwind Yacht Club's annual indoor winter racing seasons was under way.

The Downwind's name stems from the fact that all its races are to leeward, but the name was not adopted until the racing had become considerably more sophisticated than on that first informal night. As competition and interest among the members grew, the baking pans gave way to a carefully constructed tank, 16 feet long, 20 inches wide and an inch deep. Lung power was replaced by a big electric fan artfully installed behind a honeycomb grating to direct its blast straight down the length of the tank. The paper-and-matchstick sailing fleet proliferated into a four-inch rating



class of astonishing scope and variety.

Unlike one-design classes, in which all boats are theoretically identical, a rating class permits a wide range of design within a certain fixed formula. Thus the boats that race for the America's Cup can be any size or shape, provided their various dimensions resolve out to the figure 12 under the complex formula of the International Rule. The boats that compete at the Downwind Yacht races must likewise conform to a rigid, if somewhat simpler, rule, *i.e.*, fully rigged and ready to sail, they must be able to pass freely through a section of four-inch drainpipe (*abone*), which is kept handy at all times on the club premises.

Within the limitations of the drainpipe rule, the members of the Downwind have combined ingenuity and imagination with a number of dime-store plastic and cellophane products to produce a glittering fleet of spinnaker-egged monohulls, catamarans, trimarans and out-

riggers. There is even a sailing hydrofoil that climbs up on its hind legs and skitters down the course like a praying mantis in a panic.

Since all the Downwinders are serious competitive sailors when the weather permits, they are constantly worrying over hull forms and sail shapes and scrapping old designs to make way for new ones in an effort to gain a split second against an opponent.

Up to now Downwind sailing has not made a stir in international competition comparable to that of the America's Cup, but there are subtle indications that it might. A group of English yachtsmen has issued what sounds very like a challenge to the Downwinders and—a sure sign of the success of any sailing event—has even urged a change of rules. With some slight modification of the ducting of the airflow, say these iconoclasts, the Downwinders could provide some very spirited upwind yachting.

END

Bourbon Supreme®

RARE

THE LIGHT
BOURBON
FOR
MODERN
TASTES!



THE AMERICAN DISTILLING COMPANY, INC.
New York, New York • Pekin, Illinois
Straight Bourbon Whiskey • 80-85 & Proof

See into the next county

and still stay put **\$995**
for only



High performance ten-power telescope

Think of all the interesting things you could see if only you had 10 times normal vision! You have—with the Balscope Ten ten-power, 9-inch system, easy eyepiece focusing, 9-ounce weight and 30½" length, it can go anywhere you go—or let you climb mountains from your porch! Accessory belt holder available at \$95. At sports, optical and photo shops. Made only at Bausch & Lomb, Rochester, N.Y. 14602.

BALSCOPE TEN

by **BAUSCH & LOMB**



HOCKEY/Tom C. Brady

The Maple Leafs' Punchinello packs a real punch

Nobody could call clownish Eddie Shack a great hockey star, but his wild and outlandish antics on the ice have regenerated a lackluster team

After a recent tumultuous two-game visit to New York, the Toronto Maple Leafs landed just where they always are at this time of year—ahead of the Rangers and seemingly sure of a playoff spot. And the irony is that the trick was turned with the help of a punchy Punchinello named Eddie Shack, an ex-Ranger who was laughed out of Madison Square Garden a few years ago. "Looney Tunes" they call Shack around the Garden these days, but he was just looney enough last week to score the goal that gave the Leafs the tie that put them in third place. And that's the way it's likely to be with Eddie.

During the early weeks of the current season, when the Maple Leafs were hanging around the lower depths of the National Hockey League, Shack was lingering in the minors and the fans in Toronto were missing him badly. Then one day about two weeks after the season opened, workmen began scurrying around both ends of the Toronto arena, buttressing the concrete walls with heavy timbers. To perplexed observers, the Leafs' Executive

Vice President Hal Ballard had a perfectly reasonable explanation. "Eddie is back." Anyone who has ever seen Shack skate pell-mell into immovable objects knew that the Maple Leaf Gardens needed all the reinforcement it could get. And so, for that matter, did the Maple Leafs.

Over the years the Toronto team has built a reputation for latent competence. For 70 games they skate around, working up just enough sweat to be socially offensive, and they win just enough games to assure themselves a playoff berth. Once the cup play begins, their latent talent comes alive. Comes alive? Erupts is more like it. Players who have done little more than go through the motions for weeks suddenly begin to zip right by startled defenders or, if necessary, over them. The league front-runners, weary from trying to win more games than anyone else during a meaningless regular season, haven't got a prayer against those crafty old well-rested Leafs and, when it is all over, there sits the Stanley Cup in Maple Leaf Gardens.

Continued



WITH RANGER WAYNE HILLMAN (3) IN HOT PURSUIT, EDDIE SHACK CIRCLES THE N.Y. NET



The gentle mixer

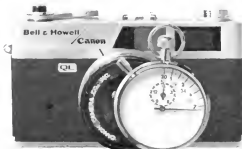
Squirt gentles whiskey, gin and vodka with the fresh, dry taste of premium sun-ripened citrus.

It's so refreshing, you almost wonder how a soft drink can be such a good mixer.



Prolong your pleasure. Take your holiday cheer tall—with Squirt, the gentle mixer.

The fresh approach to the mixed drink.



Loads any standard 35mm film cartridge in under 7½ seconds

The Bell & Howell/Canon Q11 1/25 and 1/50 shutter speeds, loading with 135-35mm possible. The easy flip film in it compares in the world's most sophisticated camera to a clock face. And no under-exposure you go and what about out? It's a bring back the best picture you ever took. For certain. The electric eye picks the shutter if the light is too dim—automatically prevents underexposed shots. Under \$119. Also available in 1/17 and 1/25.

Bell & Howell/Canon

photographic instruments built with better than they really have to be



Henke did more than invent the buckle boot...Henke perfected it

There's no margin for error in buckle boots. Henke invented them. Improved them with Flo-Fit padding and now is adding automatic edge control. Henke sells more of them than the rest of the world combined. Knows them better than anybody does. So buckle up with Henke!



Henke
SPECIALTIES

Are you still doing
what others are racing?

Sole city inquiries to: 131 Montgomery St., Lumberton, N.C.
Branch Office: 368 Commercial St., San Francisco, Calif.

HOCKEY

For four out of five recent years Toronto imposed these conditions on its NHL neighbors, and it seemed reasonable to assume they would do it again last spring when the Maple Leafs edged into Montreal for the opening round of the playoffs. But good grief! They got whopped. Significant? End of an era? Goodbye to all that? If these were merely rhetorical questions at the end of last season, they seemed more like statements of fact at the beginning of this one. The 1965-66 Maple Leafs had apparently hit on the perfect blend of tired old men and inept rookies. Losing a few regular-season games is one thing, but when the Boston Bruins begin to maltreat you with outrageous consistency, you've had it as a hockey team. And that's what was happening to the former cup champs.

The night after the Leafs lost to the Rangers on their home ice, Coach Punch Imlach scanned his Rochester farm team's roster, took a deep breath and put in a call to Mr. Edward Shack in Rochester. "Hurry on up here," Imlach told Eddie. "and do something."

Imlach called just the right person, for Shack's talent is unique. Nobody has ever confused him with any of the world's great hockey players. No sir. But take a perfectly orderly and predictable turn of events, point Eddie in its direction, and duck. Suddenly what was orderly becomes a wilderness of confusion, excitement and unpredictability. Shack does have a fair turn of speed, but his splendid rushes up the ice are often completed with a futile circle of the opponent's net. At times he makes abandoned assaults on the unoffending sideboards just because they are there. Opponents, teammates, referees—all have been clobbered by Shack and all at the most unforeseeable times. A few years ago one of Toronto's more experienced forwards, Bert Olmstead, had vainly avoided a vicious check by an opposing defenseman in white only to be flattened in mid-ice by his teammate Shack. Olmstead got up, regathered his gloves and stick, pulled a feigned of Eddie's shirt out in front of him and yelled, "What color is it, Eddie, what color is it?"

"Blue," said Shack.

"That's right," said Olmstead, "it's blue. Stay clear of it, Eddie, for Pete's sake, stay clear of blue!"

Obviously, then, if a hockey team is running smoothly and winning its games, Eddie Shack can be a most disconcerting

continued



Gift wrapped—in rare good taste. Give this beautiful holiday gift package containing superb J&B Rare Scotch. (If you prefer, you can easily slip off the label). J&B is a product of the two-centuries-old house of Justerini & Brooks whose many eminent patrons included the immortal Charles Dickens.



The others are not **J&B** rare scotch whisky



Another beautiful sleek new luxurious responsive Pontiac Grand Prix for '66.
So what else is new?



Trailer-Garage

the fun way to
explore winter's wonderland!



Tow Sled

exciting new **AMF**
SKI-DADDLER
power sled



Here in one compact package is a great new thrill in winter excitement. Its zesty 10 HP engine packs enough muscle to swish you across the snow at a 35 mile per hour clip. And you go in style with a sleek fiberglass exterior that gives a sharp look to modern snow travel.

Traditional AMF engineering brings new technical advances: tri-track super flotation, automatic variable speed transmission, tubular steel main frame, disc brakes . . . and a host of other features especially designed to give sports car go in the snow.

And, to make the Ski-Daddler a do-everything power sled, we have added companion accessories. A trailer-garage to transport and protect it and a carry-all tow sled to haul skis, fishing gear, hunting or camping equipment.

So get the feel of this new winter wonder today by visiting one of the dealers listed here.

Ski-Daddler
POWER SLED

AMF WESTERN TOOL, INC.
DES MOINES, IOWA 50302 DEPT. SI-1213

Gentlemen:

Sorry . . . these dealers are not close enough to my home.
Please send color literature.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

HERE'S WHERE TO TEST RIDE THE



DISTRIBUTORS

ILLINOIS
Chicago Nicky Golf & Industrial Car Center
IOWA
Des Moines Industrial Supply Co.
Mt. Pleasant Carvick Supply Co.
MICHIGAN
Cape Rex Binder Sales & Service
Grand Rapids Ger Hardware
Passaic Lakeshore Tire & Supply Co.
Troy Macs Distributors, Inc.
MINNESOTA
Minneapolis Interim Marine Corporation
Owens Shuler Distributors, Inc.
WISCONSIN
Green Bay Val's Specialty & Equipment Co.
Milwaukee Chish. Marine

DEALERS

ILLINOIS
Chicago Abercrombie & Fitch Co. VI. & A.
Fox Lake Karas Outdoor Motors
Freeport Joe Bismontel, Inc.
McHenry Fleming Equipment
INDIANA
Fort Wayne Youngtowners, Inc.
IOWA
Pella Ulrich Motor Co.
MICHIGAN
Adrian Hoover Lawn & Garden Equipment
Ainsworth Black's Outboard Service
Alpena Long Lake Marine
Ann Arbor Honda of Ann Arbor
Atlanta Atlanta Motor Sales, Inc.
East Ann Best Ace Cycle Sales
Bangor Bob's Tractor Sales
Bay City Onett Lawn & Garden Center
Bellaire Holst's Golf Service
Benzonia Cutler Sales & Service
Birmingham Hakeborn Sales & Service
Birmingham The Sportsman
Central Lake Suburban Variety
Charlevoix James Hardware
Charlevoix Kauter Motors Inc.
Charlevoix Walen's Ford Sales
Chippewagon General Repair
Clark Best Kart Motor Sales
Clarkson Evans Equipment
Crawford Bowler & Models
Detroit Snow Trails
East Jordan Tans & Mobile Service
Evanston Grandview Sales
Elgin Clark's Service
Escanabeau Bar Air Campers
Escanabeau Van Swamert Hardware
Farmington Risher Sales & Service
Hunt Brady Tractor Sales
Hunt Good Sporting Goods
Hunt Morse Sport Center
Fremont Fremont Farm Equipment
Gaylord Wagner Motor Sales
Gladwin Green Book Implement
Grand Rapids North Honda Sales
Grayling North End Sales
Greenwood Samuel's Sport Center
Groutville Patrick C. Freloni Co.
Grand Island Reliable's Ski Sales
Holly Body Hardware Equipment Co.
Holly Davidson & Sales
Houghton L. L. Smith Company
Houghton West Shore Jeep Sales
Indian River Northland Sports Co.
Iron Mountain Harry Marine
Iron River Top-Lane Motor
Ironwood Johnson Music Store, Inc.
Isomberg Hubbard Rambler
Isomberg Neum Electric
Jackson Ray Lividie
Kalamazoo Ray Elin Sales
Kalamazoo Hager Standard Service
Kalamazoo Race Equipment Company
Lansing Miller Hardware and Supply
Lansing Edmundo's Sport & Ski Shop
Mackinac Island Val's Golf Service
Mackinac Island Wal-Mart Garage
Manistowic Nelson's Photo Service
Manistowic Watson's Motor & Equipment
Marquette Richards Sport Shop
Marquette Outdoor Sales, Inc.
Mendota Ward's BSA Sales
Mt. Clemens Power Equipment Distributors

My Pleasant
Muskegon Heights
Bob Moore's Marine Honda Sales
Newberry Newberry Automotive, Inc.
Northport Ray Best Vehicle Sales
Oshtemo Smiley's Outboard Sport Shop
Ontonagon Rose Mary Hardware
Ontonagon Vase Sales & Service
Oxford Ed Mayer's Leonard Service
Plainfield Werrell Barber Boats
Pontiac Anderson Sales & Service
Pontiac Cruise & Ice, Inc.
Pontiac Detroit Suburban Lawn Cutting Co.
Read City Grissel Farm Equipment
Reed City Peake's Cycle Shop
Royal Oak Manos Power Mowers
Sault Ste. Marie Rucke Implement Company
St. Clair Shores Deluxe Motorcycle Sales
Troy Fred's Sail
Traverse City Pine Grove Mobile Homes
Warren Land Cruisers, Inc.
West Branch Bill's Small Engine

MINNESOTA
Albion Windmill Marine
Anoka Great Northern Trading Post
Anoka Harry Meyer
Bemidji Bemidji Implement & Building
Brainerd Palmer Motor & Implement
Buffalo Bengstrom Farm Store
Cookston Cookston Electric Motor & Marine
Duluth Goldie's
Ely Frank Horn Equipment
Excelsior Tanks Bay Boat Works
Forest Lake R. L. Inc.
Grand Rapids Con's Small Engine Service
International Falls Sheridan Motor Company
Lake City Perin Outboard
Little Falls Paps Sporting Goods
Minneapolis Reliable Cycle
Moonbeam Froelich Marine
Plymouth Pipestone Manufacturing Company
Rockville G & K Auto Electric
St. Paul Olan's Marine
St. Paul Browner Matt Shop
Waterhouse Farmers Equipment Company
Waterhouse Art's Standard Service
West Vihar Roadside Motors
NORTH DAKOTA
Bismarck Westside Lodge & Marine
Bismarck Capital City Marine
Cando Towner County Equipment Company
Dorchester Modern Implement Co., Inc.
Grand Forks Tydel Chevrolet Company
Jamestown J&J Trailer Sales
Moorhead Erick Well Driving Company
Rumors Bill Chaff Cycle Sales

OHIO
Madison Western Reserve Garden Center
Memor Bayley Garden Shop
WISCONSIN
Antony William's Store
Ashland Dick's Ski & Marine
Appleton Schaefer Service & Sales
Cedarburg Terne Corporation
Cermant Cornell Chain Saw Service
Crawford Northland Small Service
Cudahy Southside Sales Corporation
Fremont Party Out Fleet
Green Bay Remington Sporting Goods
Hayley Edwards Hardware
Lac du Flambeau Paul's Sporting Goods
Ladewood L. L. Parker Sales
Little Chute Robinson Small Service
Marquette Newberry's Cycle
Marquette Craft & Trade Center
Marquette Brunner's Ski Service
Manasha Western Beach Marine
Marion Ed's Crates Service
Marquette Bosack's Boat House
Marquette A. Tordella & Son
Omro Paul's Garage
Park Falls Kamm Motors
Pellissippi Peter's Sport Shop
Pewaukee Kamm Motors
Riverton R. R. Sturm
Shelbourn Don Dirschman Sales
Shelbourn Harbor Air Marine
Theresa Moonen Implement
Wausau Bell Implement Company
Wausau

AMF WESTERN TOOL, INC.
Des Moines, Iowa 50312

HOCKEY continued

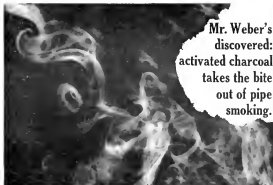
Howe, Rocket Richard and Admiral Bull Halsey. When Shack fell somewhat short of such expectations, the response was right out of The Bronx. But if Shack was not especially helpful at winning games, he at least kept the customers interested. "I never take my eye off him," said New York's then General Manager Muzz Patrick. "I never know what Eddie is going to do next, and I don't think he does either."

When Ranger Coach Phil Watson left the team under a cloud of defeat at the end of the season, he took with him an ulcer which he ever after called "his bleeding Shack." Eddie kept right on as always. When not racing off on completely irrelevant tangents, he was hell-bent on demolishing some unsuspecting opponent for the most obscure reasons. All Pike, the coach who replaced Watson, particularly recalls a game in Detroit. "Shack belts somebody," Pike explains, "and off he goes—two minutes. I swear it seemed like two seconds, then he comes out of the penalty box and goes clear across the ice to belt somebody else. Damn near put him through the boards. Back he goes to the penalty box." Such antics were undeniably exhilarating for the paying fans, but did nothing for a coach's nerves or the Rangers' won-lost record. Desperately eager to see the last of this problem child, Ranger Manager Patrick finally convinced Toronto that there was gold in Eddie's skates—if only someone could make him hold still long enough to get at it.

Punch Imlach knows hockey talent as well as any man in the business, and he knew that Shack was no superstar. He knew also that the newcomer was unlikely to mend his ways just because he had changed uniforms. But if the Toronto coach knew what Shack could not do, he knew also what this curious clown could do.

"Sometimes we can get pretty lifeless out there," Punch said of his crowd of skilled and precise stickhandlers. "Eddie may be just the guy who can start things up." Eddie was eager to do just that, and in his own bizarre way he became an exciting and effective member of the Toronto team. In any game it would take him just one turn around the ice to infuriate whatever member of the opposition he had not just dumfounded, and a number of opponents returned the game "Get Shack." As team after team de-

continued



**Mr. Weber's
discovered:
activated charcoal
takes the bite
out of pipe
smoking.**

Mr. Weber put the activated charcoal filter in the Weber Filtersmoke Pipe to make it cleaner-smoking: fresher, cooler, smoother. Then people started telling him, "Hey, this pipe doesn't bite my tongue." Solves that problem, too. The Weber Filtersmoke, \$5; extra filters, 10 for 35¢.



SEND FOR FREE PORTFOLIO
OF THE NEW AND EXCITING PRODUCTS IN THE WEBER ADVERTISING
1001 10th Ave. 10th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10018-1001

**There's nothing
really unusual about
a Snifterini.
It's just the people
who drink it.**

A Snifterini is Booth's House of Lords—the non-conformist gin from England—on the rocks in a brandy glass.

Of course, you don't even have to call it a Snifterini.

All you have to do is use Booth's House of Lords Imported Gin.

That's the best way of telling the usual people from the us-

(You can have four genuine Snifterini glasses of your own for \$5. Mail check or money order to Dept. 1, Made in England Co., 1197 McCarter Highway, Newark 4, N.J.)



Distilled Dry Gin. 100% grain neutral spirits. 40 proof. Imported by and bottled in the U.S.A. for W.A. Taylor & Co., N.Y.



**A NEW
CONCEPT
IN
SKI BOOTS**

EDGE CONTROL, COMFORT, DURABILITY

Intensive study, engineering design and the use of modern materials have resulted in a ski boot that gives outstanding ankle support for exceptional edge control with maximum foot comfort.

The outer shell is made of a rugged, durable, waterproof fiberglass epoxy which will not break down—will not warp. The boot will conform to the skier's foot with almost no break-in required. This is done with a unique conformable padding material specifically developed to make a custom fit.



© 1984 ROSEN MOUNT
ROSEN MOUNT ENGINEERING CORPORATION
1000 New York Blvd., New York, N.Y. 10018

HOCKEY — continued

ed its entire effort to the annihilation of one right wing, the Maple Leafs found themselves with unique opportunities to score goals. As soon as Eddie showed signs of discomfiting his own teammates beyond recall, Imlach would yank him.

Toronto's conservative air makes a London tearoom appear like a Rungling Bros. production, but the fans there loved Eddie. "I spill my beer every time he comes on the ice," said one regular customer dressed in spats and bowler and carrying an umbrella. And Shack's teammates felt much the same. But when the Leafs blew the first round in the playoffs last year, Coach Imlach decided that Eddie had to go. "We can't afford a clown anymore," was the way he put it, and Shack was shipped to Rochester.

Eddie was so unhappy he decided to quit hockey forever and concentrate on building up his growing portfolio of stocks (he has been shrewdly advised by a Toronto mining magnate). Besides, he said, "I have these hands," meaning that he had learned the butchering trade well and could live on it, but the Rochester manager convinced Shack to stick around for a couple of weeks when the new season began, on the chance he might get traded to another big league team. Eddie agreed to stay two more weeks. Two weeks later to the day Punch Imlach gave Eddie his call.

The Toronto coach was not really overjoyed to see Shack again, but with the Leafs in such a sorry state he was ready to try anything. "But damn it all, Eddie," he pleaded, "no more clowning around. You play the game my way or out you go. Understand?"

For a while Eddie seemed to understand perfectly and, surprisingly, he even managed to be in the places a right wing is expected to be. But despite this superficial reformation, Shack is still Shack. For instance, a week or so ago he set up rookie Bri Selby, who had been suffering from a bad ankle, for a goal against the Black Hawks. It was a pretty piece of work, and the score sent Eddie reeling exuberantly across the ice to salute his teammate. Trouble was, Shack as usual was too exuberant. He crashed headlong into Selby, knocking him down and re-injuring his ankle. Selby was out for the next three games. "Hardest check of the night," noted one reporter next morning. But all Coach Imlach could say was: "Eddie, Eddie, Eddie."

END



Choosing your first luxury car is difficult. Don't make it harder by ignoring these facts:

Despite superficial similarities, the differences in luxury cars are significant—and frequent.

Imperial's body is shared with no other Chrysler Corporation car.

Its torsion bar suspension is unique in its field. Chrome steel torsion bars up front, ingeniously synchronized with wide-set leaf springs in the rear, swivel an Imperial through corners with a nimbleness unexpected in a car nearly nineteen feet long and 2½ tons in weight.

Imperial's responsiveness is equally remarkable. A thimbleful of elemental tin in the block alloy of Imperial's completely new 440 cubic inch V8 has cata-

lytic powers—it knits the molecules together with uncommon strength. This, in turn, enables us to cast Imperial's engine block to closer tolerances, and build a 10% more powerful engine with only a 1% increase in weight.

In Imperial's Crown Coupes and Convertibles, 6-way powered shell bucket seats—replete with leather upholstery—are provided as standard equipment. And in LeBarons and Crown Four-Door Hardtops, you have an amazing front seat that is actually three in one.

It is a 5-foot sectional sofa for three that converts to individually adjustable twin armchairs, side by side.

Furthermore, the passenger's seatback reclines,

becoming, in effect, a chaise longue.

Imperial gives you other comforts of home rarely found at home.



Embossed leathers, smoother and softer than you could find in the tanners' markets of Barcelona.

Embroidered tapestries from a more regal century.

Instrument panel and wainscotings, front and rear, inlaid with 100-year-old claro walnut paneling.

Contact an Imperial

dealer. Drive the uncommon luxury automobile. The harder you drive it, the greater its margins of superiority become.

Or at least get a condensation of its virtues. Send for our 20-page, full-color brochure. Imperial Division, Office No. 5D-5/P.O. Box 1658/Detroit, Michigan 48231.

Do one or the other sometime this week. You owe it to yourself to know why Chrysler Corporation has the temerity to call its luxury car "incomparable."

THE INCOMPARABLE IMPERIAL

Finest of the fine cars built
by Chrysler Corporation



Were you born in 1936?

1936 "Hank" Luszetti, the All-American basketball star, famous for his one hand shot, life scored a record chattering 1,536 points during a four years at Stanford.



Whatever goals you're shooting for, here's one quick point to remember.

And it may surprise you. If you protect your family now with a New England Life cash value life insurance policy...

At 65 you can get back all the dollars you put in—and a lot more besides!

For example, since you're only 29, you can get back as much as \$7,673* more than you pay for a \$15,000 policy! This is the best way to give your family the financial protection they need, while giving yourself the financial security you need. Our free "Dial-A-Year" gives cash-value figures, events and personalities from 1920 to 1940. Write: Dept. S7, 501 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02117.

New England Life

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. ALL FORMS OF INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP LIFE INSURANCE. ANNUITIES AND PENSIONS. GROUP HEALTH COVERAGES.* assuming you leave your dividends with the Company. Dividends cannot be guaranteed, this is an illustration based on our current dividend scale.

Some grouching about no grouse

Everything was well set up for the national grouse championship. Eager handlers and dogs were there, the trial courses had been carefully manicured and the weather was ideal. Only one thing was missing—birds

Any upland hunter will readily admit that there is no wilder or more elusive game bird in the U.S. than the ruffed grouse. Pointing dogs would admit this, too—if they could bark out a few words—especially those dogs which competed in this year's Grand National Grouse Championship held in Allegheny National Forest near Marienville, Pa.

Despite clean, crisp air that made for ideal scenting conditions, only two of the 27 pointers and setters who searched some 1,500 acres of carefully manicured field-trial courses in two and a half days had any acceptable work on grouse. The reason was obvious—grouse on this championship course were as rare as smogless days in Los Angeles.

Says Dr. H. E. Beckmeyer, president of the Grand National: "The good grouse dog should go quietly but quickly and directly to the bird, and pin it down before it makes up its mind to run or fly out. Once pinned, the grouse is paralyzed with fear, and it will usually hold position until the handler comes in to flush it."

If the dogs in this year's stake were capable of paralyzing grouse, few got the chance to prove it. Even the classic woods-wise dogs that quartered the course in front of the handlers, hunting every little likely patch of cover with heads held high and tails merrily flagging in the approved fashion, were left with little more to show for their hour-long heats than a good race. The only birds that were paralyzed were those pointed by the new Grand National champion, Brenda Wahoo, a 7-year-old black-and-white pointer bitch owned and handled by Alan Bartholomew of Rochester, N.Y. Brenda Wahoo, better known as Sue, simply happened to be on the right course at the right time. She got the scent of a flock of grouse feeding in the open on red partridgeberries and pinned them down until Bartholomew came in

to flush. Five grouse flew out on all sides of Sue, a nerve-racking experience even for a proven field-trial dog. But Sue remained steady to the flush and to the report of Bartholomew's .38-caliber blank pistol.

Only one other dog, Sam L's Nabob, the runner-up, a setter owned by Sam Light, a coal magnate from Pottsville, Pa., was credited with a find. But by the time Handler Rich Tuttle reached Nabob the grouse had moved away down a hillside, and before the dog could relocate them and point again the birds flushed. Thus, on the strength of one point, Sue became the 19th Grand National Grouse champion. But Sue's modicum of bird work was anything but unusual in this trial—10 of the previous 18 champions have won with only one find.

If anyone had kept an accurate tally sheet during this year's championship stake, he would have counted 10 deer to every grouse seen. Not a few of the dogs found the deer too tempting to pass up, much to the embarrassment of the handlers. Allegheny National Forest is also prime turkey country. In past Grand Nationals several handlers have walked in proudly to their dogs on point and flushed not a grouse but a big gobbler (a dog is not faulted for pointing turkey, but they do not count as grouse). At least three dogs tangled with porcupines, which seem to exude an odor that many a good bird dog just can't resist, and several others got so carried away with the sport of coursing through the woods that when they did catch the scent of birds they did not have time to point before the grouse flushed.

Considering the available cover on most of the two-mile courses, it was hardly surprising that grouse were at a premium. The courses twisted through the kind of open rolling timber that encourages a spirited field-trial dog to run

but offers little opportunity to find birds. The only available grouse feed consisted of scattered patches of partridgeberries, blackberries and haw (thorn apple). A few stands of hemlock and some man-made brush piles provided cover, but few birds were found in them. Said one disgruntled handler whose setter had turned in a commendable but typically grouseless race: "What this is is a grouse trial held in a deer yard. Any respectable grouse hunter and most any bird dog who knows his birds and his cover would just pass this country by."

The Grand National has not always suffered from such a dearth. Says Wilbur A. Hugus, an investment company salesman from Radway, Pa. who has handled several grouse champions and who judged at this year's trial: "When these field-trial grounds were first laid out there were plenty of grouse around. Lumbering kept the land relatively open and allowed ground cover and feed to develop. Even forest fires helped. The burned-over areas quickly grew up in blackberries, wild grape and fireweed, all ideal grouse foods. But today there is less lumbering and fires are quickly controlled. Now we have tall timber again, and even with selective cutting and making brush piles with bulldozers there is not enough feed or natural cover. As a result, the grouse population has been steadily declining on all three Grand National trial areas [the other two are at Gladwin, Mich. and Pharsalia, N.Y.]. Even when there is an unusually good nesting season right at the peak of the grouse cycle, it makes little difference. The sad truth is that grouse are just not attracted to our field-trial grounds."

The Grand National must be held on a course where the cover is open enough so that the judges and the handlers can watch the dog's race and follow the dog into a point. The better the cover is for grouse the worse it is for a trial.

continued

Make club soda from tap water.



With a Soda King siphon you just add water and ice, insert the Supercharger in the handle, and push the button. Suddenly you have a full quart of soda that gushes when you serve it and sparkles no matter how long you keep it.

From now on, make your own seltzer—and have it when you need it! \$17.50 (manufacturer's suggested retail price). At better houseware departments.

SODA KING  **Kidde**

Walter Kidde & Company, Inc.

DOGS continued

The frustrations of running a good grouse dog over a hindless course have encouraged several handlers over the years to produce their own birds. There are tales of handlers who followed their dogs into thick covers, yelled, "Point!" and then quickly imitated the whirring sound of a grouse bursting out of cover. The track rarely was successful. A number of years ago a Michigan handler brought his own live grouse to trials in Pennsylvania. Several weeks before a trial he would hire farm kids to trap grouse, a difficult feat at best, and feed them on apples and corn until trial time. Just before his dog was scheduled to run, the handler would stuff several birds into his voluminous shirt and send his dog out on the course. Directing the dog into a particularly thick cover, he would make sure the judges were watching. He would coax the dog into a staunch point, move out in front of it, beat the brush convincingly with his flushing whip and then, turning his back on the judges, he would furtively unhutten his shirt and let a grouse fly out. Just how many times he got away with it is not known, but he was finally caught with his shirt open and banned from the trial.

For years grouse hunters have insisted that field-trial grouse dogs are no better at finding birds than many ordinary pointers, setters, German shorthairs or Brittany spaniels which are used strictly as gun dogs in the fall.

"That is ridiculous," says Harry Townsend, a longtime grouse hunter and field-trialer from New Haven, Conn. who judged at this year's Grand National. "That's like trying to equate a saddle horse with a Thoroughbred. A good field-trial grouse dog is actually a hopped-up shooting dog that must do everything better. He must run a harder and more spectacular race, and exhibit more class, style and responsiveness to the handler. He must not be a mechanical dog—he does not simply swing back and forth through whatever cover happens to be ahead of his handler. The dog moves directly to the likely grouse covers with a minimum of direction from the handler."

Considering the money involved in having a dog professionally trained and trained until it qualifies for the Grand National, it seems a high price to pay just for the privilege of running a dog in what comes awfully close to being a grouseless grouse trial.

Soda King



Shopping Guide

Allentown, Pa.	Hand Best's
Asbury Park, N.J.	Shimoda's*
Atlanta, Ga.	DeLoach's*
Aurora, Ill.	DeLoach's*
Birmingham, Ala.	1st St.*
Boston, Mass.	Seaside Wares*
Brooklyn, N.Y.	Albion & Strang*
Brooklyn, N.Y.	May's*
Cambridge, Mass.	Harvard Co-Op
Cambridge, Mass.	Lechman's Sales*
Chicago, Ill.	Gohlmann Bros.*
Chicago, Ill.	Marshall Field*
Cincinnati, Ohio	H. S. Pogue Co.*
Cleveland, Ohio	Halle Bros.*
Cleveland, Ohio	Highley's*
Cleveland, Ohio	May Co.*
Dallas, Tex.	Talbot-Gartinger*
Detroit, Mich.	Crawley-Milner*
Detroit, Mich.	J. L. Hudson Co.*
Flushing, N.Y.	Mosier's*
Fort Worth, Tex.	K. E. Cox
Fort Worth, Tex.	W. C. Stimping
Garfield, N.J.	Tro Gage*
Hartford, Conn.	G. Faa
Houston, Tex.	Foley's*
Houston, Tex.	Jesse's of Houston*
Jackson, N.Y.	Groet's*
Los Angeles, Calif.	Broadway Dept. Store*
Los Angeles, Calif.	May Co.*
Minneapolis, Minn.	Ingalls's*
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dennison's Golden Rule*
Newark, N.J.	Bankey's*
New York, N.Y.	Alexander's*
New York, N.Y.	Bloomington's*
New York, N.Y.	Groebel's*
New York, N.Y.	Goldsmith Bros.*
New York, N.Y.	Klein's*
New York, N.Y.	R. H. May*
New York, N.Y.	E. J. Karvett's*
New York, N.Y.	Stein's*
Paramus, N.Y.	Great Eastern Mills*
Philadelphia, Pa.	Guchel's*
Philadelphia, Pa.	Strickland & Clothier*
Philadelphia, Pa.	Wernicke's*
Portland, Ore.	Meyer & Frank Co.*
San Francisco, Calif.	Mary's California*
Seattle, Wash.	Frederick and Nelson
Seattle, Wash.	Wiegand Jewellers*
Springfield, Mass.	Stinger's*
Towson, Md.	Larkin's*
Washington, D.C.	The Hecht Co.*

*All Stores

SODA KING  **Kidde**

Walter Kidde & Company, Inc.

Can you give your wife a movie camera for Christmas and get away with it?

requires as much finesse as giving her a season's box for the pro football games, but you can pull it off.

The secret is to give her a camera that's so easy to use that she'll be able to take great movies with it when you're not using it.

Namely, the new Bell & Howell Super 8.

Of course, it's a precision instrument, but don't let that frighten her. Start off by telling her how easy it is to operate. Show her that she'll never, ever have to touch the film. No threading. No winding. She just drops in the handy new Kodak Super 8 cartridge, and she's ready.

And, she won't have to worry her pretty head about film speeds, exposure settings or f-stops. This camera does it all automatically.

Reassure her that the exclusive Bell & Howell Optronic Eye will make all the right exposure decisions for her.

The Optronic Eye is an exposure control system that's located behind the lens. So no more pictures of the family in the shade of the old apple tree where the leaves look great but the people are unrecognizable. (Now when you zoom in on the people in the shadows, the change in lighting will be noted and adjusted for right at the film plane, and your movies will come back perfectly exposed all the way through.)

She'll feel like an instant expert when you show her the buttons that let her zoom in and out on her subject. She can practice-zoom without running film in this camera, just to be sure her shots are composed the way she wants them.

Now she's all set to take brilliant movies. There's just one more thing you'll have to show her—how to press one button that starts the camera. But that's easy. So show her how when she presses the same button a little harder, she gets slow motion. (Of your golf swing, of course.) That's easy too.

By now, you've probably got her. But if you haven't, you might want to mention some of the things Bell & Howell does to make their cameras a little better than they really have to be. (Which, of course, means she'll get that much better movies.) Like the fact that some of our lens elements are made with rare-earth glass that cost \$30 a pound. And how we use 24-karat gold where it's necessary (inside the camera) for better electrical conductivity. And how the iris has a jeweled movement just like her watch.

You see, you can give her the camera you've always wanted and get away with it.

In fact, she may like it well enough to give you a lawnmower for your birthday.



This Super 8 cartridge drops in the Bell & Howell camera for push-button movies.



Bell & Howell[®] Super 8

Photographic instruments just a little better than they really have to be.

BOND STREET

*The Pipe Tobacco
That Stays Lit!*

Bond Street burns because of its Old English cut—a combination of flakes for even-burning and cubes for slower-burning. You'll like its aroma of fine domestic and imported tobaccos, too.

Secrets of Ideal Puffing

Easy does it—the hard puff is harsh on the tongue. A short, easy draw is best. And don't blow through your pipe to keep it lit. It can cause hot spots.

*Like a good wife a pipe is a
found one companion for life.
—HERMAN MELVILLE*



A product of Philip Morris Inc.

NEW!



**superior
DUCK
BOAT**

strong • safe • able

For full literature and prices, write
230 Washington Street
MADOC, Inc. Marshfield, Massachusetts 01947

ANNOUNCE NEW WAY TO SHRINK PAINFUL HEMORRHOIDS

**Science Finds Healing Substance That
Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids**

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain. Thousands have been relieved—without resort to surgery.

In case after case, white gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Pain has ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-lyne®)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation 119. Ask for it at all drug counters.

LANCE ALWORTH

continued from page 39

with a brilliant mind, and he has taught John a lot. Early this year in a scrimmage, John walked up to the line, spotted a blitz that the defense wasn't supposed to have yet, and called time-out. Last year we'd have run the play anyway and wondered what went wrong. Sid can make anybody a great football player who listens to him. The fans and writers were asking if we could win this year with Hadl, now that Rote had retired. Hadl put us into the championship game last year, which people don't seem to realize. But the fans act like they're trying to boo him out of here the way they booed Jack Kemp out of here. I don't know what they expect."

Hadl calls a San Diego running game which moves well with Lowe, the league's leading rusher, rookie Gene Foster and Lincoln. One factor in its success is that Alworth blocks, a rarity for a spread receiver. "Art Powell [the Oakland end] keeps telling me wide receivers shouldn't have to block," Lance says, "but he doesn't have Sid Gillman harping at him about it. If I block, it helps the passing game and the running game and it helps me. When I go up to a defensive back he can't be sure whether I'm there to block him or catch a pass. All I have to do is get in somebody's way and any of our backs can go the distance. The backs help me by blocking on blitzes to give me more time to get open, so why shouldn't I help them? I've scored two or three times catching the option pass when the defense thought I was blocking and hurried up to meet the run. Besides, blocking feels good."

It was an Alworth block, stubbornly maintained, that freed Lincoln on a 66-yard run with a flare pass in the second game against Buffalo this season, and several times in that same game Lance knocked the safety man off his feet on sweeps. The memory of those blocks must frighten Gillman as he sits meditating at his mountaintop retreat, with orange trees, a swimming pool and a view of the ocean and Teanua, but nevertheless he insists that Alworth hit the blocking dummies in practice and not spare himself heavy duty in the game. At 6 feet and 185 pounds, Lance is large enough to damage a corner back with a block and clever enough to slip past the man with a touchdown pass. Against Kansas City this year, the Chargers had fourth and one at their own 49 and Hadl threw a quick out-pattern to Alworth.

The play was designed for short yardage, but Lance spun by Fred Williamson and went 51 yards to score. "Only Alworth could have made that play to beat as good a corner man as Williamson," says Gillman.

In his double role as coach and general manager, Gillman has had many contract disputes and this summer several Chargers were near mutiny. The San Diego defense is at the top of the AFL in statistics, and the anchor of that defense, 300-pound Tackle Ernie Ladd, is playing out his option, as is Defensive End Earl Faison. Ladd probably will sign a new contract, but Faison maintains he will leave the club. Gillman is as dedicated to winning as he is to bowties, but he is not an easy man to deal with. "In Sid Gillman, the milk of human kindness has turned to yogurt," says Sonny Werblin of the New York Jets.) Alworth also was among the late signers, but not because of Gillman. Lance had been advised that the two pro leagues were about to merge and that he should wait and see what happened. There was no merger and Alworth signed, but he still has a yearning to play against NFL defenses—although with an AFL team.

"Any athlete with pride wants to compete against the ones who are supposed to be the best," Lance says. "The fact is, I don't believe the NFL is the best. I watch plenty of NFL films. Their defenses are not as complex and advanced as ours have become in the AFL. Most NFL teams use the old 4-3 defense, with red dogs coming off of it. Hardly anybody ever does anything that simple in our league anymore, which is why our games don't have as much scoring as theirs. And their corner backs are just people. The only edge the NFL has over us is three experienced quarterbacks—Johnny Unitas, Frank Ryan and Sonny Jurgensen. Our top four teams and the NFL's top seven are not far apart. I hope we get to play against them someday and shut them up."

It is a shame that Alworth's someday seems so far off. A look at him bounding with his long, high stride through an NFL secondary would please the country as much as the fact would satisfy Alworth. And it will take that sort of competition to get Bamby recognized for what he is—the finest spread receiver in the game—before the hunters finally catch him.

END

Martin's spent
8 years getting ready
for tonight.

And it was worth
every year of it.



THE PLEASURE OF DYING ON SUNDAY

BY ROBERT H. BOYLE

Carroll Rosenbloom is a mysterious millionaire who would rather lose a corporation than a ball game. But he seldom has to worry about either—he has a Midas touch and he owns the best football team in the land

On a day when the Baltimore Colts play in the National Football League, Carroll Rosenbloom, their owner, is in torment. His palms are wet with sweat, and his superstitions run wild. In the locker room before the game he always pats the head of Johnny Unitas, the quarterback, and accepts a piece of adhesive tape from Lonny Lyles, a defensive back. After the pregame drill Rosenbloom makes it a point to circle the field with Don Shula, the Colts' jut-jawed coach. In his box for the game, Rosenbloom turns pessimistic. If the opposing team fumbles the opening kickoff, he regards this as a clever plot to throw the Colts off guard. When the Colts kick a field goal he frets over the

touchdown they failed to score. Even when Baltimore is comfortably ahead with only two minutes to go, he worries that the other team will score and try an onside kick. After the gun sounds he slumps in his seat, exhausted but all smiles—until he remembers next week's game. For Carroll Rosenbloom, tycoon, the world of big business provides no kicks or worries like pro football. Money means nothing compared to victory, and Wall Street can go to hell. "I don't want any yachts, and I don't want any castles," he says. "I would just like to have about 30 more championships, and then I'd be all set."

For a man as involved as Rosenbloom is in the well-publicized game of pro

continued

In a moment of serenity, Rosenbloom (right) watches with General Manager Don Kestel as the Colts move closer to what he hopes will be one of "30 more championships."





football, he is, nonetheless, a mysterious figure. For instance, few people know exactly what he does for a living. Bill Ford of the Detroit Lions means cars, Clint Murchison Jr. of the Dallas Cowboys is oil, Barron Hilton of the San Diego Chargers in the rival AFL, a league Rosenbloom regards as vastly inferior to his own, is hotels, and Sonny Werblin of the New York Jets is show business in big, bright lights. But Rosenbloom has a multiplicity of interests. He is shirts, stocks, movies and toys and perhaps even snips and snails and puppy-dog tails as well, for his money is scattered across the board. Even when Rosenbloom's interest in a single company is pinned down, his position is still confusing. He is, for instance, the largest single shareholder in an outfit known as the Philadelphia and Reading Corporation. This has to be a railroad, surely, but it is not. Originally in the coal business, it is now a holding company for a lot of other companies, including a dozen shirt and work-clothes concerns that used to belong to the Rosenbloom family. Rosenbloom is also the largest single shareholder in a company with the marvelously Goldfingerish name of Un-

iversal Controls. This company does not control the universe—although there were some delirious market speculators who once thought it would—but it does control, among other things, the American Totalisator Company which leases the tote machines to racetracks. Rosenbloom is also the largest single shareholder (naturally) in Seven Arts Productions Limited, a company that backed *Fanny Hill*, the Broadway musical starring Barbra Streisand, and such films as *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?*, *Lois and The Night of the Iguana*.

Rosenbloom directs his varied interests from no office to speak of, preferring to operate from indecipherable scribbles jotted down on the back of the envelope he carries in his breast pocket. In appearance he looks like a swinger. He is dapper, given to dark clothes with a hint of Hollywood. A Texas sportsman who saw him for the first time exclaimed, "He's part hood!" Now 58, Rosenbloom is thin and of medium height. His face is arresting. He has high cheekbones, deeply set eyes, a strong jaw and sharply flaring nostrils. His manner is relaxed, polite and knowing. Smooth is the word friends often use to describe him. When-

ever Rosenbloom sees an old friend, his voice lapses into a semisouthern drawl. "How are yewww?" he will say.

If Rosenbloom's numerous business ventures fail to bring him into focus, his press clippings are little help either. There have been favorable stories praising his generosity to his players and stories about his close friendship with the Kennedy family. But there have been others that Rosenbloom would, understandably, like to forget. These stories—there was a spate of them two years ago—began on the order of: "Attorneys for Carroll Rosenbloom today denied charges that. . . ." In the main these charges dealt with alleged betting by Rosenbloom, not just on pro football but on enough for anyone connected with the sport—but against his own team. Unfortunately for Rosenbloom, the accusations received prominent play, while his eventual clearance by the league wound up in small type next to the dog and cat ads.

Watching Rosenbloom watch his Colts, it is impossible to believe he could ever bet against them. Ever since he took over the Baltimore franchise in 1953 the Colts have been a consuming interest. Rosenbloom has seen every game and exhibition except two. Twice during the season he addresses the players personally, once when the squad has been picked at the end of training and then later before a critical game. One season when the Colts were playing poorly Rosenbloom told them he was going to stay out of the locker room until they performed like world champions. He recalls that Big Daddy Lipscomb tearfully asked, "Ain't you comin' back, Carroll? Ain't you comin' back?" Rosenbloom himself can get rather teary about the Colts, and after a tough loss he has been known to sob.

Rosenbloom has helped any number of his players into business on their own, and three of them, Alan Ameche, Joe Campanella and Gino Marchetti, are on their way to becoming multimillionaires with a chain of drive-ins and hamburger stands. According to one ordinarily cynical Wall Street man, Rosenbloom's character is best summed up by his interest in his players. "I think that Carroll

continued



As a part of pregame ritual, Rosenbloom visits Quarterback, John Lattas in the Baltimore dressing room. Later he invariably gets lost on the way to his private box.



007 gives any man the license to kill...women

Take 007 After Shave. Its subtle, masculine aroma makes women behave outrageously. They invent the wildest excuses just to be near you.

Once you're sure you're up to 007, try the whole arsenal. There's 007 Shave Cream, for recklessly close shaves; 007 Spray Deodorant, the male way to keep cool on tough assignments; plus 007 Hair Tonic, Cologne, Talc, and Soap. Each gives you the license to kill... women.

Dangerous? Sure, but what a way to go.



"When you use 007, be kind."

When he's traveling light:
007 After Shave and Cologne, \$3.50

© 1995, L'Oréal Paris or L'Oréal



Big gun for tiger country, Fairlane GT!

This sleek, wild, new Fairlane GT comes loaded. It's loaded with bucket seats, big 390 cubic-inch V-8 engine, console-mounted gear shift, special hood "louvers", GT paint stripes, and more (all standard). Just what you need to dust off a tiger.

Just what you need for the most exciting driving you've ever known!

If you want your GT automatic, there's a special treat in Fairlane GT/A with Sport Shift. Sport Shift gives you "P, R, N, D"—just like any automatic. And

it acts just like any automatic as long as you leave it in "D." But—Sport Shift also has "1" and "2" below "D," and these two positions act like first and second gear in a manual—except you don't have to bother with a clutch. So you get all the fun and sure control of a manual with the convenience of an automatic.

If you want a big gun for tiger country, maybe it's time for Fairlane GT. But, watch it. Fairlane GT comes loaded.

AMERICA'S
TOTAL PERFORMANCE CAR
FORD
MUSTANG GALAXY FAIRLANE
FORD - FORDSON



Rosenbloom would be heartbroken if any of his old players ever came to him for a handout," the man says. "Carroll is not in the football business to make money. He is in it for two reasons: 1) to win and 2) to help his players direct their incomes so that they are well established in business before they are has-beens. He doesn't look upon the Colts as hired athletes. To him they are adopted sons."

Rosenbloom himself grew up in comfortable circumstances. His father, Solomon, was an immigrant from Russian Poland who went to work at 15 and eventually became a prosperous manufacturer of work clothing in Baltimore. Carroll was the last of six sons and the eighth of nine children. For a spell the family lived down the street from H.L. Menckens, and Rosenbloom recalls, "He gave me my first hard-shell crab."

Rosenbloom was an indifferent student and a good athlete. He was a half-back in football, a pitcher in baseball and boxed a bit. In 1926 he entered the University of Pennsylvania, where he quickly became friends with another football player of similar background, Marty Brill, whose family owned the J.G. Brill Company, streetcar and bus manufacturers. The backfield coach was Bert Bell, who later became commissioner of the NFL. Rosenbloom and Brill got along well with Bell but had a difficult time with Lud Wray, the line coach, who delighted in having his linemen pile it on in practice. At the end of their sophomore year Brill and Rosenbloom went to South Bend, where they spoke to Knute Rockne, who was eager to have them. Rosenbloom's father talked Carroll into staying at Penn, but Brill transferred to Notre Dame and came back to score three touchdowns in a game Penn lost 60-20. Meanwhile at Penn, Wray finally got Rosenbloom benched. In his senior year Rosenbloom did not go out for the team, devoting his time to his major, psychology.

After graduating from Penn, Rosenbloom planned to work for the J.G. Brill Company in Philadelphia. He had no desire to join his brothers in working for his father ("He and I were too much alike"), but his father persisted and Rosenbloom returned to Baltimore. "I al-

ways knew I'd be a millionaire," Rosenbloom says. "I believe that anyone who wants to can make money. That's not very difficult. I can remember sitting on a park bench in front of our house in Baltimore, and my brother Ben said, 'What are you going to do?' 'I'll tell you one thing,' I said. 'When I'm 34 I'm going to retire.'" Rosenbloom spent two years with his father, and although they had their quarrels, the lessons he learned were lasting. Once his father allowed him to fill an order with a buyer. After the buyer left, his father said, "You told him you'd send the order on Friday. This is Tuesday and, no matter what you do, the factory won't be able to ship until next Wednesday. Did you know that?" Rosenbloom said that he did, whereupon his father replied, "I've never met a man smart enough to be a good liar." Rosenbloom called the buyer to say that he had been wrong.

Despite the wisdom dispensed by his father, Rosenbloom wanted to be on his own. The chance came in late 1932, the depth of the Depression, when he went to Roanoke, Va. to liquidate the Blue Ridge Overalls Company, a small factory that his father had acquired. He liked the company and returned to Baltimore, where he made a deal with his father to run it on his own. He moved to Roanoke, and Blue Ridge began to grow. Luck played a part. When the U.S. Civilian Conservation Corps was authorized, officials were desperate for denim work clothes, and Blue Ridge got a huge order. Rosenbloom also set about wooing the large distributors, such as Sears, Roebuck, Montgomery Ward, W.T. Grant and J.C. Penney. "I knew if you wanted to be big, you had to be associated with large sources of distribution," Rosenbloom says. "The large distributors have a policy—they see everybody. They do pretty much with manufacturers as we on the Colts do with college football players. We look for prospects."

By 1940 Blue Ridge had so prospered that Rosenbloom was able to retire at 32 instead of 34. For a year he led the life of a gentleman farmer at Warwick Manor on the Eastern Shore, where he raised peaches and corn and, not incidentally, got married to Velma Ander-

son, to whom he had been introduced by his friend Marty Brill. But then his father died, naming him executor of the estate, and Rosenbloom returned to business life. In 1959 Rosenbloom, acting for the family, sold the Blue Ridge interests, which had grown to include almost a dozen shirt and overall companies, to P & R. The price was \$7 million in cash and more than \$20 million in stock. Rosenbloom is an active director of P & R. "Carroll is of enormous assistance to our company," says Roger (Mike) Kelly, executive vice-president of P & R. "What he does is bring in important contacts." Another associate says, "Carroll can be very relaxed, smooth and objective in analyzing a situation because he's not carrying an order book in his back pocket for some schoolbook from Omaha. He deals with the executives of major chains, and he deals on a very high diplomatic level." Rosenbloom has become very enthusiastic about a company, De Luxe Reading Corporation, that P & R acquired in 1960. De Luxe Reading makes Topper Toys, which are advertised heavily on TV, and Rosenbloom has taken to telling friends the merits of a doll called Baby Boo. Baby Boo, Rosenbloom points out, will stop crying when given a pacifier, when covered with a blanket, when hugged or when the light is turned out.

Not all of Rosenbloom's investments have been so obedient. Thanks to the advice of Patrick B. McGinnis, whom Rosenbloom once looked upon as "a genius in the field of defaulted railroad bonds," he did quite well in the stock market in the 1940s. In the late 1950s, however, Rosenbloom had some slight difficulties with Universal Controls. This company began when Rosenbloom and Lou Chesler, a Canadian investor, acquired control of Universal Products Co. They went on to buy American Totalisator and a couple of other small companies, eventually lumping them all together under the name Universal Controls, Inc. What that, the stock began to rise at a dizzying rate, increasing in value by 10 times in a two-year period, and many of Rosenbloom's friends, including some

continued

Colts, made a tidy profit for themselves. But then the stock began to tumble, and some persons got hurt. The stock is now at 4, down from a high of 23, and Chesler, who has the reputation of being a wheel-dealer, is no longer on close terms with Rosenbloom. Rosenbloom has every share of Universal stock he ever owned, representing a loss of \$20 million in paper profits. Rosenbloom pretends not to mind. "I'm a bulder, not a liquidator," he says. "I fall in love with companies." In recent weeks he has been planning some changes in Universal Controls to get the company moving again.

As far as Rosenbloom is concerned, the greatest investment he ever made was buying the Colt franchise. Originally he resisted. He was a football fan, but he had no desire to take over a team in Baltimore, where fans had a brief but bitter memory of once having had a club in the NFL. However, Rosenbloom's former backfield coach at Penn, Bert Bell, who was by then commissioner of the NFL, hounded him. Bell, who also happened to be a summer neighbor on the Jersey shore, issued veiled announcements to the press that Rosenbloom would take over in Baltimore. Finally Rosenbloom relented. "I just had no chance of getting out of it," he says. When he moved in at Baltimore he asked the fans, who can be vociferous, to give him five years to produce a winner. It took him six. In 1958 the Colts defeated the Giants in sudden-death overtime 23-17, for the NFL championship. In 1959 they repeated against the Giants. Last year, to Rosenbloom's anguish, they lost the championship game to Cleveland. "After the first year in football, I found that of all the things I've ever done, this is the thing," Rosenbloom says. "There is nothing more rewarding. You have everything wrapped up in one bundle. You meet much nicer people than you do in business. You meet the public, and you must learn to look out for them. There's no place where your word is more your bond than in sports. You'd never find 14 men who deal as fairly with one another as the 14 owners in the National Football League, particularly after some of the things that have gone on in business or

on Wall Street. You play a part in the lives of young men, and you help them grow. And then every Sunday you have the great pleasure of dying."

Rosenbloom's tenure at Baltimore has not been all sugar. A few years ago, Mike McLaney, who had been involved in the purchase of American Totalisator, sued for additional stock rights in the company. He lost his suit, and a judge sealed the testimony, which contained charges that Rosenbloom had bet on pro football and, in one game, against the Colts. An acquaintance of McLaney's made the charges anew in the form of affidavits, which he distributed to startled owners at a league meeting. But the charges soon were revealed to have certain inherent defects—most notably in an accusation that Rosenbloom bet against the Colts in a 1953 game with Pittsburgh. The Colts did not play Pittsburgh in 1953. Even so, Pete Rozelle, Bell's successor as commissioner, began a six-month investigation—"He didn't want it to appear that he was being lenient with an owner while he was punishing play-

ers," Rosenbloom says—and when it was concluded Rosenbloom was cleared. Rosenbloom freely admits to having bet on college and pro football before becoming an owner. "Show you what kind of a bettor I was," he says. "I'd bet on three-team parlays, a \$500 parlay on a Saturday and a \$500 parlay on Sunday. If you won, you got 7 to 1." Nowadays Rosenbloom's betting is confined to the golf course, but he has not easily forgotten the McLaney affair. When asked recently if last season's loss to Cleveland had been heartbreaking for him, he replied, "Yes, it was," and then added with heavy sarcasm, "but we were betting on Cleveland, so that was some solace."

During the pro season, Rosenbloom spends from Monday through Thursday in New York, where he has an apartment in the Navarro Hotel on Central Park South. Days are largely given over to business. In the evenings he reads, goes to the movies (he is not much for the theater) or has dinner with Joe Kennedy. Rosenbloom first met Kennedy in Palm Beach in the late 1930s. Rosenbloom was then a rising young millionaire, and he remembers what Kennedy told him: "After you get the first couple of million, you can fake the next 10." Before his stroke, Kennedy was such an avid Colt fan that during the 1960 campaign Jack Kennedy complained that his father seemed "more interested in whether the Colts win than if I get elected." As a gag, Rosenbloom made up a picture of Joe dressed in a Colts uniform and sent it to his old friend. Kennedy was delighted. On the day before the inauguration, Rosenbloom helped Teddy's team beat Bobby's in touch by bringing along two ringers, Billy Pricer and L.G. Dupre of the Colts. Teddy palmed them off to Bobby as "a couple of guys who worked in the campaign." When JFK was buried Rosenbloom attended the funeral and then flew to Hyannis Port to be with Joe.

On Wednesday afternoon Rosenbloom usually plays golf at Deepdale on Long Island. Among his golfing cronies are William Paley, chairman of the board of CBS, Dan Topping, a one-time baseball-club owner who handles the Yankees for CBS, John Crawford, the bridge player, Francis (Bunty) Lawrence,



Gag picture of Joseph Kennedy wearing Gus Marchetti's uniform was a surprise gift from Rosenbloom to his old friend.



With scores of brands to choose from, the fact is more Americans buy more Cutty Sark than any other Scotch Whisky. Cutty Sark is "from Scotland's best Distilleries" and the **No. 1** reason is in the bottle. Why not try Cutty Sark yourself?

The Buchanan Corporation, Importers - New York, N.Y. • Distilled and Bottled in Scotland • Blended 60 Proof

Bob Hope, star of the new United Artists production, "I'll take Sweden", says, "Luggage is a global affair with me. And from Saigon to Stockholm, Palm Springs to Paris, American Tourister goes with me".



AMERICAN TOURISTER STANDARD OF THE WORLD

WITH THESE EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

- Supported cast vinyl coverings have superior resistance to scuffing, scratching and staining
- Reinforced with fiberglass for extra protective strength and amazing lightness
- Patented tongue in groove, stainless steel closures
- Patented handle, with foam rubber cushion
- Patented cam action locks, can't snap open.
- Color coordinated interiors—matching curtains
- Duette Hardside garment carrier with hangers removable separately or as whole unit
- 7 colors, 24 styles for men, women From \$19.95*

ONLY AMERICAN TOURISTER LUGGAGE IS FLIGHT-TESTED AND APPROVED BY AMERICAN AIRLINES



*Slightly higher in the West. Also available in Canada. Write for the name of your nearest dealer. American Luggage Works, Inc. WYOMING 32, Rhode Island 02801

a socialite who is in the construction business, and T. Sufferin (Tommy) Tailer, another socialite whom Rosenbloom regards as "a great philosopher." Rosenbloom is an excellent golfer, and when he leaves for Baltimore on Friday he takes his clubs along. Upon arrival he is met by Don Kellett, the general manager of the Colts, who drives him to Memorial Stadium to see the team work out. Afterward he visits the ticket office to discuss business with Kellett and Ben Small, a onetime business aide of his father's who came to work for the Colts after the previous ticket manager embezzled \$200,000. "Nothing cheap about the Colts," Rosenbloom says.

At noon he has lunch with friends and business associates, such as Mike Kelly of P & R and Sig Hyman, president of Pension Planners of Baltimore, Inc., who, at Rosenbloom's suggestion, drew up the pension plan for the NFL. On recent trips, Rosenbloom has given time to the planning of a new stadium. He expects to build it himself, but he wants the Orioles to play there too. Jerry Hoffberger, chairman of the board of the baseball club and also president of the National Brewing Company, a Colt sponsor, is an old friend. Memorial Stadium is only 13 years old, but Rosenbloom regards it as antique. The new stadium will go Houston's one better by having a sliding dome. "Why should Baltimore be second best?" he asks.

In the afternoon Rosenbloom, starting to become nervous about Sunday's game, gets a massage from Dmitri Spassoff, assistant trainer of the Colts who, with his son John, runs the Sauna Health Club in Baltimore. "I am a massage nut," Rosenbloom says. On Friday evening Rosenbloom meets up with his sons at the family apartment in Highfield House, overlooking the stadium. Dan, 22, a graduate of the University of Iowa, is waiting to enter the service. Steve, 21, is a junior at Georgetown, while Suzy, 16, attends school near Philadelphia. Rosenbloom, shades of his own father, expects both his boys to join him in business. When Bert Bell died he named Rosenbloom the executor of his estate, and Bell's two sons, Upton and Bert Jr., now work for the Colts. "Carroll's greatest

continued

CANOE



a man's after shave, after bath cologne

Dana

WIDE-BOTTLED SHEDS IN FRANCE

R.S.V.P.

It's always a pleasure

PENS OR PENCILS FROM
FOUR-FIFTY TO FIFTY
DOLLARS EACH

to reply with a
CROSS®
FINE WRITING
INSTRUMENTS
SINCE 1896

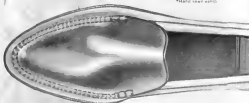
A. T. CROSS SINCE 1896
PEN, PENCIL, AND INSTRUMENT COMPANY
100 N. 7th Street, Springfield, Mass.



Some People DISCOVER EXCITEMENT With Roamers

It's here. Roamers speak the boldly charted course. Created for a type of man... they announce the rich heritage of craftsmanship. Proud, hand-sewn stitching. Hand sorted choicest leathers. Roamers will add an exciting mark of tradition to your search for a place in the sun.

*HAROLD GARDNER



ROAMERS

 by **SEBAGO-MOC**
Created in Westbrook, Maine

Now at select fine stores. Write SEBAGO-MOC, Dept. S1, Westbrook, Maine, for store nearest you!

IT'S MORE FUN WITH TWO!

Give the family a Bushnell, too!

Sportsmen, hunters, those who wear glasses get up to 206% more viewing area **ONLY** with award-winning Custom Binoculars. Optics designed for long eye relief (not just retractable eyecups). Caps extend for full view when not wearing glasses.

Pocket size, 6x25
Custom Compact, \$59.50
3" high, 11 oz 420 field

Just one of three lines priced from \$14.50

Binocular becomes high power scope. Amazing new Binocular Spotter accessories attaches over front lens of binocular increases power 3 1/2 times (7x becomes 17.5x etc.) In cluding belt loop case, \$19.95.

For FREE Gift Guide with huge selection of binoculars, telescopes, telecameras, etc., write:

FREE
20-PAGE
GIFT
GUIDE

00 Bushnell

51 81 BUSHNELL BUILDING
PASADENA, CALIF.

Also in Canada and throughout the world



Be a sport!

One gift works many wonders
the United Way

ROSENBLUM continues

characteristic is his patience with youth which as a youth I appreciate," says Bert Jr., who attended Notre Dame, Penn. Temple, St. Joseph's and Villanova, emerging only "with a degree of embarrassment" before going to work for Rosenbloom.

On Saturday morning Rosenbloom breakfasts on butterfish or some other local delicacy. He often does the cooking himself and is especially proud of his crab soup. After breakfast he goes to the stadium for the final workout, and in the afternoon he tries to ease his growing jitters by playing golf. On Saturday night he meets Shula, who gives him the opening play the Colts will use. This season, the night before the first game with Green Bay, Shula looked tired, and Rosenbloom sent him to bed, forgetting about the play. The Colts lost, and Rosenbloom, ever superstitious, blames himself for the defeat.

On Sunday morning Rosenbloom's superstitions really take over. He rubs *Unifast*'s head and gets his piece of adhesive tape from Lyles. As he follows the Colts onto the field for the pregame drill, several friends trail along, among them Socialite David Naylor-Leyland, wearing an Eton cricket tie for luck. After Rosenbloom circles the field with Shula, he gropes his way toward his box. Invariably he takes the wrong way. He has no sense of direction whatsoever. He gets lost in stadiums all the time and his baffled guests follow him through endless tunnels, mazes of ramps and even outside parking lots, as Rosenbloom attempts to conceal his plight by mumbling about a shortcut.

In his box Rosenbloom sits between Kellett and one of his sons. He spends the game sweating and chain-smoking "Carroll smokes three packs of cigarettes," says Sig Wyman. "One for offense, one for defense and one for the half." The game over and victory his, Rosenbloom heads for the locker room. There he makes sure that he has a sip from the soft drink of Fred Miller, a defensive tackle. This is a must for a win next week. "It's odd," says Rosenbloom pensively, "that normal, successful people will get into this sport and then turn idiot." **END**

A most unusual car for people
who enjoy the unusual



6000 West Chester Road
Chevrolet Corp., Warren, Mich. 48090
Circle 10 on Reader Service Card

If you perked up when you turned to this page, our research computer says you're probably well informed, earn above average income and have more or less "in" type tastes. That's the kind of person who usually drives a Corvair. But then you can't always go by research. The fellow who turned all this up on our computer, for instance, was a frugal soul who read nothing but technical stuff and drove the same black sedan for 15 years. Then one day he showed up in a Corvair convertible a shade redder than the one above. How did he square this with his research? He didn't. That was the same day he asked to be transferred to a job that would get him out on the road more...driving his new Corvair.

'66 Corvair by Chevrolet

CHEVROLET CORP., WARREN, MICH. 48090



New Westinghouse Jet Set.
It doesn't stare back at you
when it's off.

It's considerate television.
Beautiful off. Beautiful on.
A new kind of picture
that's easier to watch. It's
Instant-On-TV. Which
means no waiting, no
warm-up, no walk-back.
And it's transistorized
to be trouble-free. Now,
if you can't stare your
old set straight in the face
and enjoy it...go see
your Westinghouse dealer.



You can be sure if it's Westinghouse



Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

If St. Joseph's Coach Jack Ramsey ever had any worry about how his players would react to lousy preseason estimates of their ability, he can forget it. Hofstra, swamped 96-57, never had a chance against the sharp Hawks. Fairfield thought it did when it led by a point after nine minutes. Then St. Joe's began hounding the Stags with an assortment of swimming zone presses. Fairfield lost the ball more than 20 times without taking a shot, slick playmaker Matt Guckas used his fast hands for eight steals (and 23 points) and the Hawks won easily 100-74.

The last time PROVIDENCE played Villanova, Wildcat Coach Jack Kraft got a plaque and his team ended the Friars' 19-game winning streak. So last Saturday Providence's Student Congress saluted Coach Joe Mullinix for his "contributions in spreading the name of Providence nationwide," and the Friars took Villanova 69-59. But it was sticky and Providence's combination defense got around to stopping Villanova's Bill Melchionni. Bill Blair and Mike Roedean got 42 points for the Friars.

ROBSON COLLINS got off to a good start, too, beating Dartmouth 107-85 as John Austin scored 33 points. But new Holy Cross Coach Jack Donohue, who lost only once in three years when he had Lew Alcindor at Power Memorial High in New York, dropped his first college game to HARVARD 76-67. "It was a team effort," cracked Donohue. "We were all bad."

Some of the East's other independents looked good. PENN STATE, fast-breaking and playing steady defense, upset Maryland 65-61. ST. JOHN'S, under new Coach Lou Carnesecca, beat Georgetown 64-62 on Bob McIntyre's late-second jumper. SYRACUSE, with Dave Bing firing in 68 points, trounced Buffalo State 118-68 and Buffalo 110-60.

THE SOUTH

For a while Virginia Tech had Duke's Vic Bubbs worried. Tech's Bob King, a bulky, 6-foot-10 center, blocked off 6-foot-7 sophomore Mike Lewis, almost stifling Duke's mighty offense. Then Lewis found a way to get around King, and the Blue Devils began to move. Jack Marin shot for 22 points, Bob Verga and Steve Vacendak for 18 each and Duke coasted 112-79. "It was just a case," said Bubbs, "of our workhorse [Lewis] getting our preyhounds running." Three nights later, with everybody running from the start, Duke trounced Clemson 83-68 after the Tigers had upset North Carolina 84-74.

NORTH CAROLINA, meanwhile, recovered

to open its new 8,600-seat Carmichael Auditorium in style. While the Tar Heels stymied William & Mary with a pressure defense, Bob Lewis scored 34 points to lead Carolina to an 82-68 win. "We hope to make this a winning palace—a blue heaven," said Coach Dean Smith.

Vanderbilt, Kentucky and Tennessee looked like the class of the SEC. VANDERBILT toyed with little Wittenberg, routing the Tigers 87-59, while KENTUCKY, smallest but quick, bombed Hardin-Simmons 81-55 and Virginia 99-73. TENNESSEE beat the Quantico Marines 65-56.

WEST VIRGINIA, pressing and running like all get-out for new Coach Bucky Waters, squashed VMI 69-58 with the help of 20 points by junior college transfer Carl Head, and then routed George Washington as sophomore Ron Williams, the first Negro to play in the Southern Conference, scored 30 points. LOUISVILLE's 6-foot-6 sophomore Westley Unseld did everything expected of him when the Cards beat Georgetown (Ky.) 77-58 and Central Missouri 81-72. Unseld had a total of 40 points and 54 rebounds.

THE MIDWEST

MICHIGAN's Dave Strack apparently has taken a leaf from the book that hit him at the NCAA tournament last year. When Tennessee got to Ann Arbor, Strack's Wolves greeted their guests with a full-court press. It did not exactly obliterate the Vols—Cazzie Russell took care of that—but it did surprise them. Every time Tennessee got close, there was Russell to puff Michigan away with a basket. Cazzie scored 29 points, and the Wolves won 71-63. After that, Bowling Green was easy for Michigan. The overwhelmed Falcons succumbed 108-70.

A couple of other Big Tenners were busy scaring up some competition for Michigan. IOWA's runners and gunners routed Pepperdine 111-50 and then broke Evansville's 35-game winning streak 80-73, at Evansville no less. MINNESOTA showed some muscle, too, beating North Dakota 73-59 and Iowa State 80-69.

Kansas State's Tex Winter had nothing but trouble. Winter started his "big" team against Oklahoma and the Blazings' littlest man, 5-foot-9½ Bobby Miles, scurried in and around the game Wildcats for 23 points as Creighton won 83-75. So Winter went to a smaller and faster live for KANSAS. The Hurricanes blew them off the court 70-63.

BRADLEY lived up to its notices. The Braves clumped Wisconsin-Milwaukee 104-68 and Northern Michigan 90-78. ST. LOUIS,

without notices, edged Oklahoma State 61-57 and Southern California 77-72.

THE SOUTHWEST

About the only thing predictable in the Southwest Conference is that its best teams will be hammered by nonleague opponents early in the season. Texas Tech, considered the SWC team most likely to succeed, got it twice, unexpectedly from COLORADO 86-77 at Boulder, and expectedly from KANSAS 74-70 in Lubbock. Smooth Kansas, which earlier had smothered Arkansas 81-52, just had too much finesse for the Raiders. Six-foot-11 Walt Wesley floated his soft hook shots over them for 34 points while Al Lopes got 17 with his arching jumpers.

Southern Methodist and Texas Christian also suffered. The Mustangs let OKLAHOMA CITY's John Ware, a 6-foot-7 leaper, take the boards away from them for 25 rebounds and 30 points—and the Chiefs ran off with the game 77-90. But later, SOUTHERN METHODIST did manage to escape Georgia Tech's zone press to win 83-73. Texas Christian, however, lost to GEORGIA TECH 112-87 and GEORGIA 76-75 in overtime.

All summer long TEXAS A&M's Shelby Metcalf dreamed about how it would be with Olympic track star Randy Matson, a 6-foot-6½ giant who has put the shot over 30 feet, crushing the boards and shooting basketballs for him. Last week Metcalf found out. Matson, slotted down to 244 pounds (from 265), grabbed 18 rebounds and scored 15 points as the Aggies beat Trinity 79-70.

THE WEST

Nothing has really changed at UCLA. The Bruins still assault the opposition with a withering zone press, they still run themselves and they have another sharp playmaker—sophomore Mike Warren—to manage the whole show. The only thing different is the type of press. Coach Johnny Wooden has switched to a 2-2-1 and, if anything, it is even more devastating. Last week the new press buried Ohio State 92-66 and Illinois 97-79. Warren, a superb passer and shooter, was the ringleader. He scored 23 points against the Buckies and 28 against Illinois. "That little tactical plays with confidence," said Wooden. "He gives us the positive game."

Not so positive was the game that San Francisco played with STANFORD. The weary Dons, in their third game in four nights, just whied away when the Indians put on the pressure in overtime to win 81-76. Seattle, too, got a shock. The Chieftains were upset by NORTHERN PACIFIC 85-83 on Gary Haggberg's 20-foot jumper at the buzzer.

NEW MEXICO and BRIGHAM YOUNG had it easy. The Lobos beat Midwestern U. 95-58 and Baylor 74-64. Brigham Young—the only college team with three 6-foot-11 postmen—got its impetus from a hole fellow. Dick Nemeika, a 6-foot guard, scored 35 points as the Cougars outran Illinois 109-98 and 39 more in a 111-82 posting of Houston. **END**

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE HINKY ART

Sirs:

Every year at this time you single out the one man who has contributed the most to the world of sports in the past year. On Monday, November 22, two men fought for the heavyweight championship of the world. Muhammad Ali won the fight, but Floyd Patterson showed the world what he is made of. So for Sportsman of 1985 I nominate Floyd Patterson.

MICHAEL COHEN

Great Neck, N.Y.

Sirs:

The fight between Muhammad Ali (who deserves to be addressed by his chosen name) and Floyd Patterson should finally end the public discussion as to the champion's merit. Ali had won on points by the time the referee interceded and he won against the wealthiest opponent available.

I think that he has taken a great step forward in restoring quality to an ancient sport.

JOSEPH PAUL MORRIS JR.

Ambler, Pa.

Sirs:

To those of us who remember moments of gallantry and gentlemanly conduct in the ring, the behavior of the undeniably talented Cassius (Muhammad Ali) Clay was revolting. Obviously, the man's talents include a meanness and viciousness rarely seen in prizefighting.

"Champion as long as he wants," you say? Each day Clay will get a little older, each day the fiery footwork will slow down and the awful combinations will get a little slower. With the patience of Mohammed, those of us who were revolted by this fight can wait. The day will come—and we can only hope that when it does Clay will meet the counterpart of himself as he was on this night of November 22.

CHARLES L. LYLE

Birmingham, Mich.

LAMBERT LEAGUE

Sirs:

I can't believe it. The so-called football experts have awarded the Lambert Trophy to mighty Dartmouth (9-0), ranked powerful Princeton (8-1) second and weak Syracuse (7-3) third. That makes as much sense as awarding the world football championship to Michigan State (10-0) and ranking the Baltimore Colts second and the Cleveland Browns third.

Let's face it. At its very best, Ivy League football can't touch the caliber of Syracuse, Penn State, Pitt, Army and Navy—even when these teams are having a losing season.

PAUL F. SCHONSTWOLF

Eric, Pa.

Sirs:

As long as the Lambert Trophy is now being awarded without regard to the strength of the opposition the winner meets, it would not have been fair to award the trophy on a three-way basis between Dartmouth, Springfield College and Ithaca College. The latter two were also unbeaten and their opposition was about as major as Dartmouth's was.

EARL R. JENSEN

Schenectady

Sirs:

Ben Schwartzwalder's petulant prating over the supposed inferiority of Ivy League football and its unworthiness in regard to the Lambert Trophy (SPORTSMAN, Nov. 29) proves conclusively that the grapes of Syracuse are sour, as usual. As a central New York resident, an Ivy Leaguer and an active follower of college football, I have the distinct impression that no major college coach in the East annually recruits more raw football talent and does less with it than Ben Schwartzwalder.

GEOFFREY S. OSBORN

Clinton, N.Y.

Sirs:

The fact is that this year's unbeaten Dartmouth team and Princeton's fine clovers of the past two seasons stand out in comparison both with the other Ivy teams and with the major eastern powers. Princeton was slighted last year when the Lambert Trophy was awarded to a mediocre Penn State team, and there is no question in anyone's mind except Schwartzwalder's that Dartmouth deserves it this season.

JOHN MURPHY

GLOBE, WAT

Hanover, N.H.

Sirs:

The contention of the vocational football "experts" that Ivy League football is not up to non-Ivy League standards is understandable. Quite naturally, those who make a living at football resent the fact that those with exceptional brains, i.e., Ivy League students, can learn football in a few weeks rather than having to work at it throughout the spring, summer and fall as required by the intellectually slower teams in the East.

ALEXANDER HALL

East Orange, N.J.

UNLEASHED

Sirs:

Re your article on dognapping (*The Pets That Stole to the Labs*, Nov. 29), I do not agree that "the domestic dog is part of the human heart." This is pure sentimental malarkey. The first dogs were work dogs, earn-

ing their keep. If you said some dogs—you might bring I pres up with a collie, bloodhound, English bull and a mongrel at the Pennsylvania hills. But I was taught that the master is responsible for the dog's actions. My ears were boxed, not the dog's, for any misbehavior. Today when I get off the bus and walk three blocks I am accosted by pipsqueaking Pekingeses up to large German shepherds, uncontrolled and aggressive. When walking in the neighborhood one usually needs a large staff to ward off the spoiled curs. It is fine to produce a code of ethics and laws for dog sellers and owners, but you must realize that the irresponsible dog owner is just as much of a problem as the dognapper.

BORIS YONANOFF

Rehoboth, N.Y.

Sirs:

You say science "has a genuine need for laboratory animals, but its way of getting them is often dark and devious." As a scientist I was startled to hear of our "dark and devious" way, and I could scarcely wait to find the sports side of the story.

Is stealing pet dogs a bad sport, to be condemned like professional boxing, or is it an offbeat one like fishing with unusual lures? Is SPORTS ILLUSTRATED opposed to stealing sporting dogs (an old custom in country communities long before experimental laboratories were founded)? Or is SPORTS ILLUSTRATED allowing itself to be used, unwittingly, I hope, as a forum for animal-rights extremists?

ROY N. BARNETT, M.D.

Westport, Conn.

Sirs:

Your article was a great shock to me. As a lover of animals, especially dogs, it is hard for me to believe that anyone would be heartless enough to steal a family pet and sell it for experimental purposes. I have written a letter to my senator in the hopes that there is something that a citizen can do to help this bill requiring dog dealers to be licensed by the Federal Government become law.

ROBERT A. ATTCHICK

Philadelphia

HUE AND CRY

Sirs:

Concerning Robert R. Rinehart's suggestion that football officials use two flags of different colors to signify the offending team (PITH HOLE, Nov. 22), I have in my files a clipping showing that such an experiment was carried out here in Kansas, using red and yellow flags, in 1959. It was the idea of Orville Gregory, athletic director of Arkansas City (Kan.) Junior College.

The two-flag system was used in a number

continued



Light up Christmas

**Favorite of
seasoned
pipe smokers
in 70 countries.**



**Famous aroma
men and women
welcome, too.**

**Supreme
flavor, aroma
with no added
aromatics**



**Outdoor flavor
and aroma of
Sweet Birch
Southern.**

**Peach Brandy
flavor. New
pleasure
breakthrough.**



LAUREN & BROTHER COMPANY, INC.
Richmond, Virginia
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877



19TH HOLE

of games with apparent success, and I cannot understand why it was not retained. Perhaps an official might throw the wrong flag on occasion, but anything to make the game better for the spectator, I say, is good.

BOA GIEFER

Garden City, Kans.

Sirs:

After reading Mr. Rinehart's colorful proposal, I shuddered at the thought of another hunky in my pocket. Red flag for interference. Let's see now. Red flag for defense, blue flag for offense. Left pocket blue, right pocket red—decisions, decisions, decisions.

RICHARD ERNER

Springfield, Ohio

SMALL STARS

Sirs:

I share wholeheartedly Mr. Covey's desire to read more about the stars of small-college football (19TH HOLE, Nov. 22). For example, Bill Johnson, 210-pound fullback/tailback for The University of the South (Seawane, Tenn.), rushed for more than 1,000 yards and passed and returned kicks for hundreds of yards more this year. He is assured of following his predecessor, Martin Agnew, onto the Little All-American team, and several professional teams have let it be known that they will try to sign him. In spite of this, few people outside of eastern Tennessee have ever heard of him.

STEPHEN WARMY

Seawane, Tenn.

Sirs:

In reference to the letter from Michael Covey, it is true that Hobart "crushed" Union, but Union has some good players, too. Union graders Marc Hurlbut, George LaPorte and Tom Hitchcock have come close to setting several national small-college records. As a matter of fact, LaPorte did set the national mark for passes caught in one game—19, against Hamilton College.

DAVID S. JOHNSON

Oreonia, N.Y.

Sirs:

Since small-college teams like Amherst, Williams and Maine have been covered, I am prompted to suggest that Springfield College, undefeated in nine games in the New England area, should also be mentioned.

Amherst lost only one game this year, and that was to Springfield. Williams lost only two games, to Springfield and Amherst. A check on Springfield's record and its quarterback, Dave Bennen, would reveal some outstanding statistics. Springfield remains the only undefeated small-college team in the New England area. Such a fine record cannot be ignored.

FRANK WOLYNIEC

Westport, Conn.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center,
New York, New York 10020

Time Inc. also publishes TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE and, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, the International editions of TIME and LIFE. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Wexler, Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Lerner, Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles E. Sullivan, President, James A. Lomen, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brombaugh, Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes, Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson, Vice President and Controller, John I. Harvey, Vice President, Charles A. Adams, President of Time Inc. Books, Edgar R. Baker, Charles B. Bear, Clay Buckman, R. M. Buckles, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Sidney I. James, Arthur W. Kayser, Henry Louis III, Ralph D. Paine Jr., Weston C. Poller Jr., James R. Sturley, Assistant Controller and Assistant Secretary, Curtis C. Messinger, Assistant Treasurer, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingitt, Richard B. McKeough.

Sports Illustrated

Please attach a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED label to ensure prompt service whenever you write about your subscription.

MAIL TO:
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
340 North Michigan Ave. Chicago, IL 60611.
Charles A. Adams, Vice President

TO SUBSCRIBE:
mail this form with your payment, check, or
☐ no subscription, ☐ renew my subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, 1 yr. \$7.50.
All other subscriptions, 1 yr. \$10.00.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS attach label here

If you're moving, please let us know two weeks before changing your address. Print magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a newspaper address your subscription, place your magazine address label here and slip this label to your letter.

name _____
address _____
city _____ state _____ zip _____



New economy model of the Polaroid Color Pack Camera. Same great film. Same fast loading. Same big color prints in 60 seconds (black and white in 10). Yet it's half the price of the original model!

60 seconds. Under \$60.

Spread this around:

Canadian Club gift packages have everything! Elegant ribbons, hand-tied bows. Dazzling foil, in a choice of four designs. And a big supply of "the world's most wanted gift whisky"—the whisky men prefer as a gift by two to one over any other single brand.

Keep this to yourself:

There is a way to feel like the tastiest of the big spenders. All you have to do is treat yourself and your guests to Canadian Club, the whisky with the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. It's "The Best In The House"® in 57 lands.



GIFT-WRAPPED AT NO EXTRA COST

Canadian Club

4 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM DISTILLED BY IMPORTER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 40 & 50 PROOF. BLEND OF CANADIAN WHISKY.